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NATIONAL REVIEW

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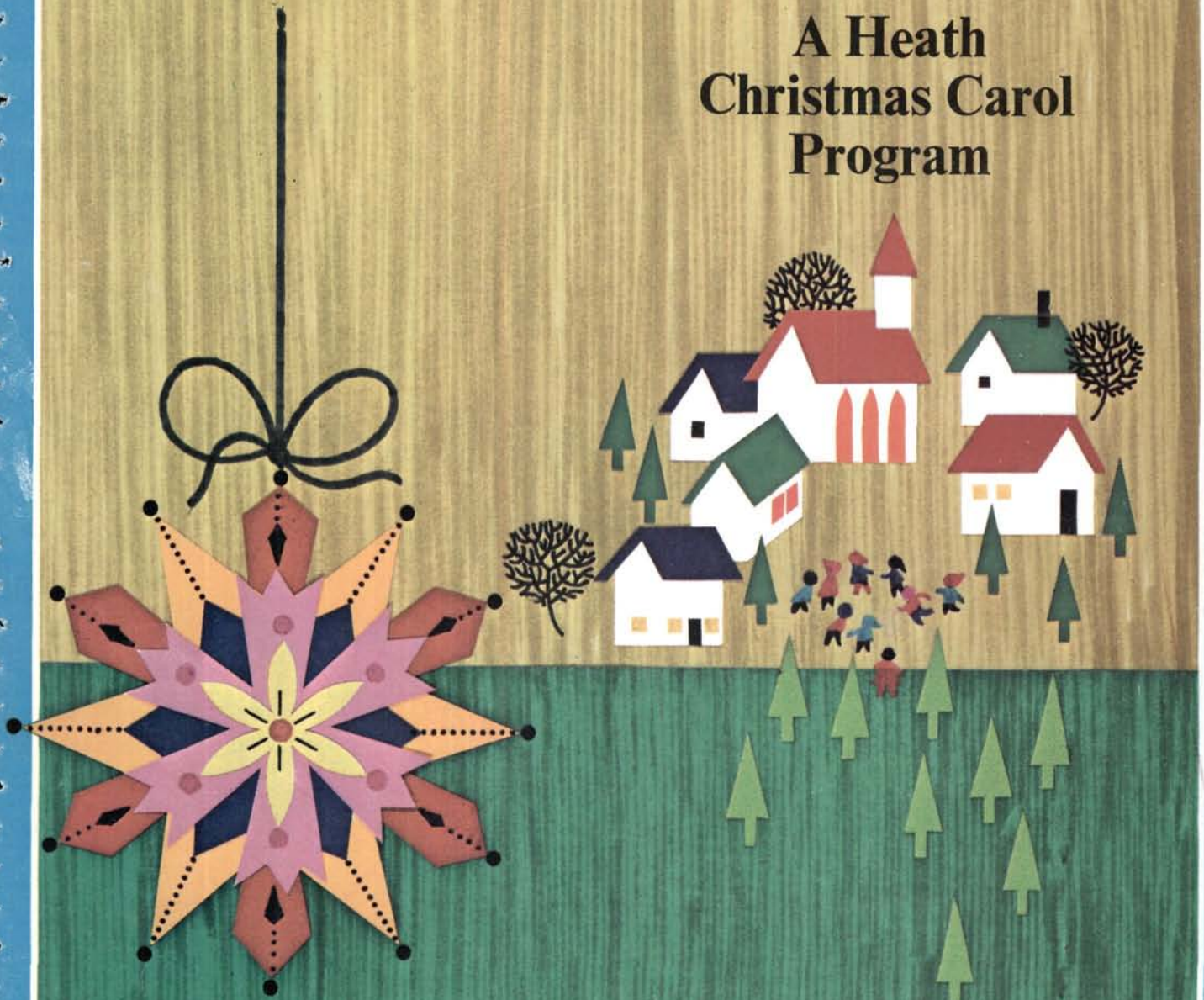
A Heath Christmas Carol Program



Guernica: Historical Rip-off

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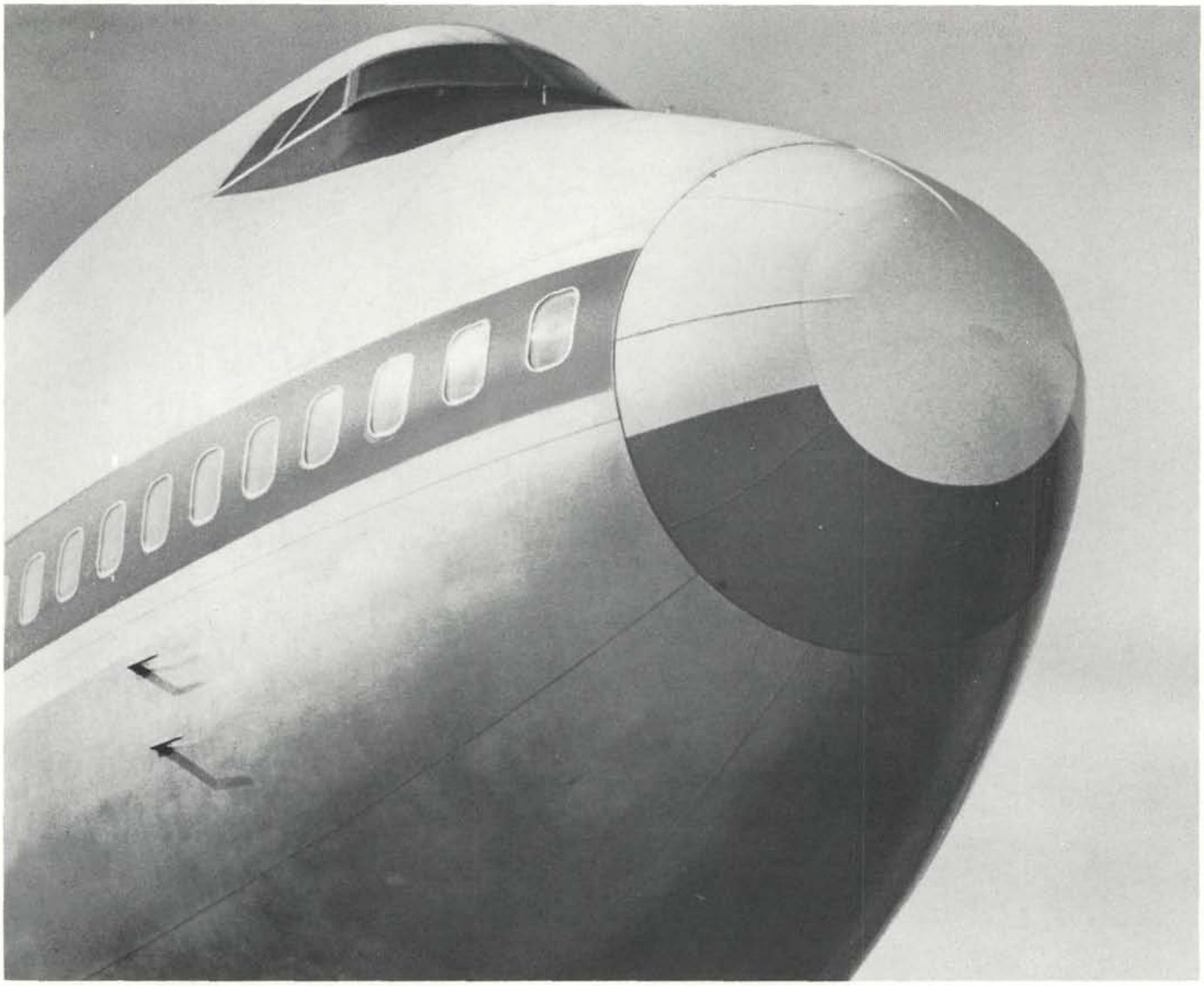

Hitting history right on the nose.

The wide-body jet is more than just a bigger airplane. It's also the right idea at the right time.

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The Airlines of America

The Shortest Distance Between People

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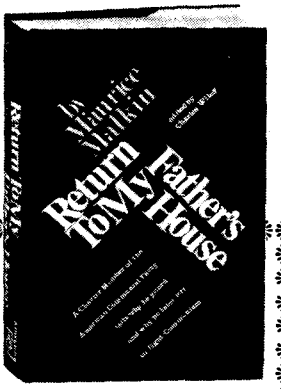
This Man Helped Start the Communist Party, U.S.A.

His Story Is Important



This is a major autobiography in the literature of the Left, and a fascinating personal history. Maurice Malkin is a man who fought his way back into the sunlight.

When Malkin was a child growing up in pre-Revolutionary Russia, his Orthodox Jewish father warned the children to avoid Communism like the plague and to live by God's laws.

Despite his father's advice, young Malkin succumbed to Bolshevik idealism. To that end he helped found the Communist Party of America, became a field organizer, commanded goon squads, sat in on Party executive committees and managed the *Daily Worker*. He even served a term in prison.

Thus Maurice Malkin's knowledge of Communism—above ground and underground—is firsthand, intimate. As one who kept the Party membership lists, he knows the people in and around the Party: the hardcore, the idealists, the fronters, the bleeding-hearts, the strongarms, the funders, the naive. Fearlessly he names names.

The cast of characters is endless: George Meany . . . Edmund Wilson . . . Legs Diamond . . . David Dubinsky . . . the Reuther brothers . . . Fanny Brice . . . Eleanor Roosevelt . . . Michael Quill . . . Jay Lovestone . . . Heywood Broun . . . Edward Corsi . . . Alger Hiss . . . Joseph Curran . . . to name just a *few* . . .

- ✔ Adlai Stevenson issues orders—not to disturb the Reds.
- ✔ The Mafia weaves a tangled Communist web.
- ✔ Nelson Rockefeller makes some curious appointments.
- ✔ The Reds get aid and comfort—courtesy of Earl Warren.
- ✔ Carl Sandburg employs his talents for something more than writing.
- ✔ Uncle Sam whitewashes Ralph Bunche.
- ✔ Mobster Arnold Rothstein helps keep the Party afloat.

Return to My Father's House offers no hope that Communism is mellowing. Warns Maurice Malkin: "Make no mistake about it; we are at war."

- Appendices
- Illustrated
- Index

RETURN TO MY FATHER'S HOUSE

Maurice Malkin • Edited by Charles Wiley

Insights from a man who knows Communism from the inside

- Communist tricks to make their numbers look bigger.
- **Compromise:** the special meaning Lenin gave to that word.
- Earl Browder: a view from one who knew him well.
- Rabbi Stephen Wise rushes to the aid of the Communists.
- Is Communism really an improvement over the czars?
- A summer camp for Junior? Better check its political affiliation.
- The key spot in any labor union which Communists try to occupy.
- Sidney Hillman. His relations with Lenin.
- Eleanor Roosevelt: friend to the friendless —and to the Communists.
- How Communists use black nationalist movements.
- The difficulties ex-Communists face—from our own government.
- Homosexuality: boon to the Communists. Examples.
- Communist agent Kurt Rosenfeld gets a prominent sponsor.
- FDR: he has time for everyone, except anti-Communists.
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- Penal institutions: easy mark for Reds.
- What our government could do to shrivel up Communism here.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXV No. 1 JANUARY 5, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we begin a new year—a happy one, we hope, for you and us—and we celebrate Christmas 1972; double felicitations, because the magazine you receive circa December 25 is dated January 5. Apropos of the season, it contains **Nika Hazelton**'s recollections of Christmas past; **Wm. F. Rickenbacker**'s cheery yuletide thoughts on the Dismal Science; a basket of gifts for the noteworthy from **W. H. von Dreele**; and the last (and, many think, the best) Christmas piece from the pen of **Aloïse Buckley Heath**, who decided one day that she and her ten talented (more or less) children should do the good old carols to a turn. . . . What happened to Guernica? The Fascists "terror-bombed" it in the Spanish Civil War, Picasso did a painting, and thereby hangs a tale, in the Museum of Modern Art. Only, says **Jeffrey Hart**, it ain't necessarily so. . . . **Philip J. Davis** makes his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW with an account of how the lefties rose up and got their rightful due. Mr. Davis teaches mathematics at Brown; his non-technical writing has appeared in *Harper's*, the *American Scientist*, and other journals. . . . Just as the Star of Bethlehem marked a beginning, the brief blaze over Florida last month marked an end. There was excitement but little merriment as the last Apollo blasted off; **Priscilla L. Buckley** was on hand.

—CHS

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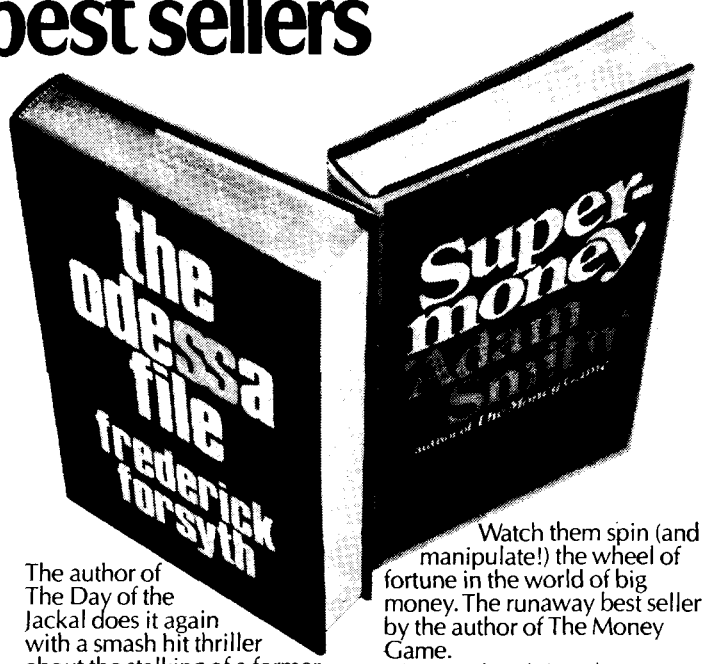

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FOR THE RECORD

■ A mixed bouquet from '72: **George Meany** got him a solid gold-plated hard-hat from the **Boy Scouts of America**, celebrating the golden jubilee of Labor's friendship with the Scouts. . . . Hitting the U.S. market, Mao-tai, China's 112-proof vodka-like drink with which **Richard Nixon** and **Chou En-lai** plighted their troth. . . . The *Maddox*, one of the destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin incident, is now patrolling the Taiwan Straights as part of **Chiang Kai-shek**'s navy; it's been renamed the *Po-Yang*. . . . **Arthur Bremer**, who always dreamed of making it big, has made it financially through the sale of his diary —of the two weeks before he shot **George Wallace**—to *Harper's* Magazine. . . . **Marilyn Monroe** got shot down twice: once in Texas where a history textbook was ruled out because it devoted five pages to Marilyn, only one to **George Washington**; and in Los Angeles, where students of the **James Monroe High School** were restrained from renaming it the James and Marilyn Monroe HS. . . . With-it reporters at **Camp David**, where the lodges are called "Aspen," "Laurel" and "Ash," have put up a sign on the press trailer: "Poison Ivy." . . . To everyone's surprise that old favorite, **water**, remained America's Number One favorite drink, with soft drinks second, milk third.

■ Significance of **Teddy Kennedy**'s conciliatory speech about Nixon at dinner in honor of **McGovern** foe, West Coast financier **Eugene Wyman**: It's a turn toward center by Kennedy, a positioning for '76. Kennedy, while doing his bit for McGovern during the campaign, will now move toward regaining the labor and Catholic vote that McGovern's New Politics alienated. . . . **Eugene McCarthy**'s view of the McGovern defeat: It set back liberal movement for years and has given Nixon a freeer hand in dealing with the issues of war and peace. . . . Possible trouble for

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"I'd like something for the man who ate everything."

Ronald Reagan. **John Veneman**, number two man at HEW, has resigned, is expected to run for lieutenant governor in California in '74. Veneman, a liberal Republican and a former California assemblyman, tangled with Reagan over welfare reform. . . . Left-wing press, stretching to the Communist *World*, mounting campaign against new Labor Secretary **Peter Brennan**. Front-page banner, Dec. 14: "Brennan Record Bared, Opposition Mounting."

■ About **John Gardner**'s non-partisan **Common Cause**: 23 members of new forty-man Board responded to questionnaire and indicated that seventeen of the 23 voted for McGovern, three for Nixon, three wouldn't say. Politically, fourteen are Democrats, six independents, three Republicans. . . . **Ralph Nader**'s **Public Citizens Inc**. racked up contributions of $1.1 million in '72, of which a third went back into mail solicitations. . . . Lame duck Sen. **Fred Harris** (D., Okla.) is setting up his own lobby, the **New Populist Institution** which will work for radical tax reform. . . . On the other side, conservative pr man **Lee Edwards** publishing a newsletter on conservative activities, the *Right Report*, and in first issue notes that Richard Nixon will hereafter leak reports to the halfway-friendly *Washington Star-News* instead of the downright un- *Washington Post*.

■ On the African front: **Tunisia**'s **Habib Bourguiba** has turned down bid for unification with **Libya**'s radical Col. **Muammar Qaddafi** because, he says bluntly, "Qaddafi is considerably lacking in experience." . . . Qaddafi, on state visit to Tunis, had threatened that Arab leaders who refused to play along with his anti-Israeli stance would "be swept away like straws in the winds." . . . Qaddafi was behind recent unsuccessful attempt to kidnap the former royalist premier of **Libya** in Beirut. . . . Taking advantage of the latest attempted coup against him, **King Hussein** has now forced the last unit of the Palestinian Liberation Front in **Jordan** —the Fourth Battalion—to cross over into **Syria**. . . . A secret Egyptian military report, according to Brussels press stories, indicates that only 40 per cent of **Egypt**'s arms and 60 per cent of its planes are combat ready. . . . **Tanzania** has just instituted the death penalty for a brand-new offense: Clove smuggling.

■ A number of French anti-Communist writers, politicians and intellectuals have cabled President **Thieu** of South Vietnam, congratulating him on standing firm against a premature signing of the ceasefire. Among them, former premier **Georges Bidault**, conservative political leader **Tixier-Vignancourt**. . . . Authorities in **Hong Kong** estimate that 25,000 Chinese fled the Mainland in 1972—more than at any time since 1962. . . . A recent poll in **Japan** indicates that 37 per cent of the Japanese believe **Red China** is the country most important to Japan's future, only 20 per cent the United States.

■ Ever wonder how much a soul weighs? Dr. **Niels-Olof Jacobson** of Sweden knows: 21 grams. Dr. Jacobson has put the beds of terminal patients on extremely sensitive scales and reports that at the moment of death the needle dropped 21 grams. *Tiens*.

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TIGHT MONEY, Regulation Q, and the much-touted Age of the Consumer, are key ingredients in a flammable mixture about to be ignited by a book which could explode in the face of the commercial banking industry this year. This says:

"The millions of people who have saved a few dollars in the form of savings accounts and insurance have been prevented from gaining any profit from their investment—indeed they have been forced to accept real losses—by what amounts to government agency fiat. These depositors have contributed more, perhaps, to the growth of our economy than any other group, and it is unjust that controls apply only to interest rates to depositors, while there are no controls over the inflationary wage and price increases. Conditions permitting this 20 years of discrimination should be changed."

I am quoting from a book, titled, "Don't Bank On It! How To Make Up to 13½ percent and More on Your Savings—All Fully Insured."

The book is dedicated "to the members of the median income group, those truly forgotten men whose savings deposits make banking, as we know it, possible."

"Don't Bank On It" may be coming out at an auspicious time, as the general public is becoming more aware of high interest rates, and, thanks to truth in lending, is being conditioned to look at rates of 12 or 18 percent as low. No doubt he'll soon recognize that 4 or 5 percent is peanuts.

**Bank Marketing Management, Feb., 1970.*

About the Authors

Martin J. Meyer is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

Dr. Joseph McDaniel, Jr. was secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes President of World Health Foundation (U.S.A.) and government service with the Economic Cooperative Assn.

3. It is based on one simple fact: That most depositors are *completely passive* about where and how they save their money! They never take the one or two hours that are necessary to learn the "inside workings" of the banking system. Therefore, they never even hear about the "super-savings-accounts" that can yield them *far more* than ordinary interest on their money.

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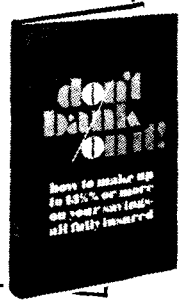

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LETTERS

Marijuana Debate

Richard Cowan's tear-studded reference ["American Conservatives Should Revise Their Position on Marijuana," Dec. 8] to the 250,000 young people arrested each year for marijuana abuses and/or uses tends to make me think that he thinks that someone is forcing them to smoke pot.

Is someone forcing them to smoke pot? Who?

Saratoga, Calif. DENNIS G. BROCKWAY

Wowee! Did you see the irony of Mr. Cowan's touting us on the liberal argument for legalizing marijuana while ignoring the obvious conservative one?

All that jazz about young folks ruining their lives is Big Brother do-goodism. The conservative position is to demand as much freedom for the individual as possible, just so that freedom does not interfere with someone else's freedom.

Thus, if you want to booze, go ahead, but don't drive. If you want to smoke tobacco, go ahead, but don't buy any television commercials for cigarettes. Similarly, if you want to groove on dream dust, go ahead, but keep out of the driver's seat and don't peddle the stuff on the airways. Surely a counterculturist has the same civil right to blow his mind as his daddy does to get cirrhosis of the liver or cancer of the lung?

The rub comes when *your* child is in danger. But that is for *you* to handle. Liberals, not conservatives, try to unload their responsibilities on the preacher, the teacher and the policeman.

Brimfield, Mass. GEORGE C. GROSS JR.

Mr. Cowan considers his "assertions of fact" to have been established by responsible scientific inquiry. To be completely frank Mr. Cowan is not qualified to judge whether or not anything has been established by responsible scientific inquiry. All of his nine assertions either have been completely disproved by well-documented evidence or are without any scientific support. By "moderate use" does he accept the definition of the National Commission on Marijuana? This definition is considered by many to be heavy use and over a period of two to three years to produce irreversible brain damage. I maintain that Dr. Grinspoon's *Marihuana Reconsidered* is a laughable pro-pot tract not worthy of serious scientific consideration. I refer Mr. Cowan to the reviews of Grinspoon's book in the *New England Journal of Medicine* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* among others.

There is much to be said for light or suspended sentences and probations for first-offender pot users. Many pot users are, after all, the victims of such books as *Marihuana Reconsidered*, the National Commission Report and articles like Mr. Cowan's. What we are dealing with is the corruption of science and medicine by the contemporary political-sociological mentality, a mentality that distorts reality to fit what one wants to believe or gain.

Detroit, Mich. JOSEPH L. WHELAN M.D.

In sanctioning the lawful dispensing of pot, to whatever degree, are we not already showing symptoms of a nation that *needs* marijuana to survive?

We can, and should, debate such questions as touch upon the rewriting of our laws or the reordering of our outlook with regard to pot, until we reach the consensus we hope for. On the other hand, conservatives should not, I think, be carried away in the motion of the moment in this debate.

What if conservatism is somehow neutralized as a social restraining force in America, in the course of this debate? What about future debates, when restraint may be imperative? Will any conservative then be able to say "let's go over this situation carefully"? Or will we see a debate wherein both sides agree to agree, rather than tediously go down the list of particulars?

FPO, New York LARRY TAYLOR

Mr. Cowan's logic that because we cannot totally stop it we should legalize it is ridiculously inane. If we follow his logic then why not legalize murder, rape and any other crime we can't control?

His ignorance is also exposed by saying that marijuana "used in moderation causes no identified physical or mental problems for individuals who are otherwise healthy."

Is he unaware of the British study on the effect of pot, or the American study which is beginning to show evidence of pot buildup in the skin after extensive use, or the Georgia study which is beginning to show damage to the unborn in hamsters?

Valencia, Pa. MARK BROOKS

The studies in question were weighed by scientists and doctors, consultants to the Presidential Commission, and were found unsubstantial. —R. COWAN

Individual liberties are what America is all about. Freedom is to be measured in terms of the rights of individual humans to achieve through self-determination. America is infinity through freedom, and I'm mighty damn happy it's that way.

Sunnyvale, Calif. ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

In Mr. Cowan's article and in the following comments by other conservatives, you have almost completely ignored the fact that man has a soul and that therefore there are spiritual dangers attendant in marijuana use, both to the individual and to society as a whole, which cannot be measured by scientists.

America is a great nation, and prosperous, because we were originally (and ought to be now) a Christian nation. Therefore moral considerations are very important. As Christians, the Lord is God, not Individual Freedom or some other abstraction.

Rockville, Md. MRS. R. J. SCHROEDER

The divine sanction is not the business of Congress. —ED.

I am certain that you are familiar with Plato's *Republic*, in which that great thinker insists that poets and other writers may not be heard, unless their writings cannot harm the youth of their society.

I submit that your publication of the controversy over use of marijuana can only bring harm to the youth, the parents, the society as a whole. Far too many young conservatives will read your articles as an endorsement of marijuana itself.

MRS. JOSEPH H. WALKER

Miami Shores, Fla.

I mean, gentlemen, *must* we, helpless readers, be subjected to such . . . well, kind Mr. Burnham calls it "hyperbole," though I think "hysteria" is a better word. While there may be a salient argument swimming around somewhere in that veritable Sargasso of emotionalism, it certainly takes the seethroughitness of Mr. Buckley to let us know what it is.

With regard to the commentary by Messrs. Burnham, Hart and Buckley, the former concede Mr. Buckley's point that the draconian measures against the possession of marijuana should be brought to a halt. But they maintain that in the process the importance of pot as "cultural symbolism" must not be forgotten: For conservatives, *that* is the overriding issue. In ignoring this aspect of the argument, Mr. Buckley is setting up, falsely I think, an either/or situation wherein the choice lies between an unnecessary sacrifice of individual liberties on the one hand, and on the other hand a diehard preservation of conservative punctilio.

Often an incensed reader writes, sillily, "cancel my subscription." Now since *NR* is dearer to me than all else save my mother and my wife (not necessarily in that order) I would never do that. Besides, dear Bill would only tell me to

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IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY *Reconsidered*

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During the 1950's Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky published his bestsellers, *Worlds in Collision* and *Earth in Upheaval*, in which he argued that the earth suffered a series of cosmic catastrophes during historical times. These upheavals, he claimed, sculpted our planet's face and changed the course of history, bringing an end to Egypt's Middle Kingdom, destroying civilizations around the world, and figuring in the Israelite Exodus. (This last receives detailed treatment in *Ages in Chaos.*) Initially castigated for his views by scientists, Velikovsky has now been vindicated by numerous space-age discoveries. This special issue of *Pensee* surveys the evidence.

The Scientific Mafia — *David Stove, senior lecturer, department of philosophy, University of Sydney, Australia*

How Stable is the Solar System? — *Dr. C. J. Ransom, plasma physicist, General Dynamics*

A Record of Success—*Thomas Ferte, department of humanities, Oregon College of Education*
37 documented confirmations of Velikovsky's scientific claims, most of which were considered unlikely or impossible when he first voiced them. For example, regarding the moon, Velikovsky deduced (before the Apollo landings) that (1) the lunar "rocks and lavas could conceivably be rich in remanent magnetism resulting from strong currents when in the embrace of exogenous magnetic fields"; (2) "Since the moon was heated and its surface became molten only a few thousand years ago, the temperature gradient under the surface crust will show, to some depth, a mounting curve"; and (3) "excessively strong radioactivity will be detected in localized areas" on the moon.

Lunar Rocks and Velikovsky's Claims — *Dr. Derek York, associate professor, geophysics division, University of Toronto*

When Was the Lunar Surface Last Molten? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

Magnetic Remanence of Lunar Rocks/A Candid Look at Scientific Misbehavior — *Robert Treash, San Diego Evening College*
"One or more Apollo missions could have been spared were Velikovsky's books and memoranda considered."

On Decoding Hawkins' Stonehenge Decoded — *Immanuel Velikovsky*
A full-length analysis of Stonehenge and its meaning in the light of cosmic catastrophes during man's history.

The Censorship of Velikovsky's Interdisciplinary Synthesis — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*

The Center Holds — *Dr. William Mullen, departments of classics and comparative literature, and division of interdisciplinary and general studies, University of California (Berkeley)*

Shapley, Velikovsky and the Scientific Spirit — *Dr. Horace Kallen, co-founder and former dean of the graduate faculty, and research professor in social philosophy, New School for Social Research*
Einstein's reaction to the suppressive efforts against Velikovsky is revealed in a letter 30 days before his death.

Velikovsky at Harvard — *Stephen Talbott, editor, Pensee magazine*
The dramatic story of Velikovsky's lecture and seminar last February 17-18 to an enthusiastic crowd at Harvard.

Is Venus' Heat Decreasing? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

Akhnaten, Aten and Venus Reconsidered — *Lewis Greenberg, assistant professor, department of art, Franklin and Marshall College*

Could Mars Have Been an Inner Planet? — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*

Venus' Circular Orbit — *Chris Sherrerd, electrical engineer,*

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San Francisco, Calif. NEIL G. BARCLAY

Evans & Novak II?

As we bid farewell to Campaign '72, a few untied journalistic ends remain, including, I regret to say, your correspondent Winston's itemized laundry list of alleged Agnew campaign gaffes [*NR Bulletin*, Nov. 3].

Such an assignment is approached with considerable reluctance because a) one expects a more balanced standard of Washington reportage from *NR* than is generally found in the *Washington Post*; and b) replying to the Evans & Novak fragmented bitching school of political correspondence, obviously viewed by your Man in Washington as worthy of emulation, is a maddening exercise in defending that which, had the full story been told, needs no defense.

Item: Should the Vice President, on paying a courtesy call to convalescing Governor Wallace, have seized the occasion while meeting newsmen on the Mansion steps to endorse the local Republican incumbent? Of course not. To suggest, as does Winston, that such a courtesy call be converted into a blatant partisan plug is to suggest the worst of all possible gaffes. And indeed, one can imagine Winston or his stylistic progenitors in the *Post* reporting an "Item" to that effect had the Vice President done so.

A similar filling-in-of-the-blanks could be provided for each of your correspondent's other Items. But to what avail?

That, after all, is the beauty of the E & N technique, in the original or imitation variety. Who, when all is written and done, will recall that the Vice President did indeed give Congressman Dickinson a strong endorsement, live, on statewide television, during his visit to Alabama? That the Republican incumbent, said by Winston to be "fighting for his political life," won with a 57 per cent majority? Or that your correspondent was as wrong in his assessment of the Vice President's campaign effectiveness and Congressman Dickinson's strength as he was, unfortunately, in his projection, same column, that "Gordon Allott of Colorado . . . is headed for a decisive victory in his bid for a fourth term"?

Nevertheless, for the record, the *Bulletin*'s Washington correspondent, if he must serve up imitation Evans & Novak, might in the future do this office the favor that those gentlemen extend at times, by calling in to determine whether there is another side to a particular story.
Washington, D.C. VICTOR GOLD

Winston Replies

Mr. Gold, who frequently takes arms against the sea of troublesome journalists, now finds insufferable the slings and ar-

(Continues on page 44)

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THE WEEK

■ *She sees you when you're sleeping.*
She knows when you're awake.
She knows if you've been bad or good,
So be good for goodness' sake,
is how Susan Berkowitz sings her favorite Christmas song. But Miss Berkowitz was fired after working five hours as a department-store Santa, after parents complained that "she sounded too much like a girl." She intends to appeal to the New York State Human Rights Division.

■ The Administration seems bewildered about high food prices. No need. The government's own policies are the cause of the problem. The most obvious case is farm price supports, which add $5 or $6 billion to the national grocery bill. Second, there are absolute limits—quotas—on how much of some foods can be imported. Third, there are two thousand federal regulations on food, plus overlapping state and local regulations, some of which have been highlighted by the National Commission on Productivity as obsolete and conducive to high costs. Fourth, the government tolerates union exploitation of the vulnerability to strikes of perishable foods, and this edge has not only padded the wages of teamsters, butchers and clerks, at the consumer's expense, but has allowed work restrictions which alone add about $400 million to food prices. Finally, the supply of money having outrun the supply of goods, price controls having prevented the spending of that money on price-controlled luxuries, the result is inflationary pressure on uncontrolled staples, such as older houses—and food.

■ A sharp decline in the U.S. birth-rate this year has caused the Census Bureau to reduce by some twenty million its projected population figure for the year 2000. For the first time, the rate of growth of the U.S. population approaches zero. There will be many who will look upon this with glee; and it is true that an ever-expanding population would, off in the distance, entail serious problems. But another, more troubling, interpretation is also possible. Some would cite the evidence that a kind of lesion, perhaps temporary, has occurred in the American spirit: from the longer perspective of history, a leveling-off of population has not coincided with national vitality, and there are abundant signs of American retreat, retrenchment and, perhaps, even decadence. The Nixon Doctrine, entailing a "lowered profile" in Asia and, sooner rather than later, in Europe too; the end of the Apollo program, and the retreat from the frontier of space; the spread of feticide; the defeat of the SST; the fashionable—and sentimental—hostility to technology: All of these things may be symptoms of a deeper malaise, even crisis. We will refrain for a while from dancing in the streets over the attainment of zero population growth.

■ Rank-and-file insurgents ousted Tony Boyle as president of the United Mine Workers. It was quite a coup for a group of young reformers whom Boyle referred to, with uncharacteristic restraint, as "stinking hippies." Boyle had dominated a one-party system for a decade, as the chosen heir of John L. Lewis, and his only serious challenger until now, Joseph Yablonski, lost both an election and his life. He was probably robbed of the election, and he was most certainly murdered. The new president, Arnold Miller, raises hopes of a constructive new face for the UMW—working to improve safety training in the mines, while also helping to restore the productivity and vitality of an important industry which has been badly crippled by short-sighted union demands.

■ "It is difficult . . . to read the Pentagon Papers without being impressed with how frequently the government has been right about Vietnam . . ."—and so, concludes Hoover Institute Research Associate Robert Turner (in *Southeast Asia Perspectives*, September 1972), the important lesson of the Papers is that the credibility gap concerning the Vietnam war grew not so much from the actions of the U.S. Government as from the inaccurate statements of misinformed scholars and newsmen. For instance: "From a military standpoint, the Tet Offensive was a major defeat for the Communists. Thanks to the excessively pessimistic journalistic accounts and the totally erroneous predictions of critics like Ellsberg, Tet was transformed into a major Vietcong victory in the minds of the American people." Another myth—that Ho Chi Minh, if left alone by the U.S., would have become another "Tito," a buffer to Red Chinese expansion—is debunked by the Papers' assertion that "a dynamic and unified Communist Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh could have been vigorously expansionist . . . Laos and Cambodia would have been easy pickings for such a Vietnam. . . . Ho, in fact, always considered his leadership to extend to Indochina as a whole, and his party was originally called the Indochinese Communist Party. Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore and even Indonesia, could have been next."

■ Along with William Kunstler, Bobby Seale and twenty or so others, Robert Strong served on the observers' committee during the 1971 Attica prison riot. According to the report on the riot, Strong, who then went by the name Jabbar Kenyatta, strode into the yard controlled by the prisoners and told them "to seek revenge against whitey." Well, it's a small world and Strong, or, as he currently prefers, Omar Ali Shariff, is now a prisoner of Attica himself. A jury in Rochester convicted him of second-degree manslaughter. Strong admitted sticking knives into Kenneth Goings' body but explained to the jury that they couldn't possibly have harmed Goings because he had been placed in a deep trance. The jury wasn't convinced and Strong was sentenced to fifteen

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

President Nixon's decision to nominate Elliot Richardson to be Secretary of Defense provoked a quiet but intense struggle over whether Richardson can put men of his own choosing in the highest-level Pentagon positions. The White House is insisting on the right to appoint all assistant secretaries in all the departments. This would be a serious enough challenge to the strong-minded Richardson even if the President had not appointed the new Number Two man at Defense, Deputy Secretary William Clements, without consulting Richardson. Clements is a rare creature, a Texan close to both John Connally and John Tower. He is a conservative and, inevitably, his nomination (and the way it was made) seemed like an attempt to "balance" the Pentagon leadership. This fed speculation that Richardson needs balancing and may not be master of his own house. Richardson probably is the toughest and most politically competent member of the new Cabinet, so the conflict with the White House may be protracted.

■ Notes on entrepreneurship in our ever more political economy: Representatives of big labor and almost as big business met in Washington recently for a cozy conference on productivity and how to increase it. Then I. W. Abel, president of the Steelworkers of America, and R. Heath Larry, vice chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, issued a joint announcement that, yes, they would work like beavers to improve productivity, but *meanwhile* something should be done to toughen those "voluntary" import quotas on foreign steel. . . . Herbert W. Kalmbach, the President's personal lawyer, is said to have been given an advance briefing about the decision to establish a slew of special campaign committees (with names like "Americans United for Political Moderation" and "Committee for Greater Community Involvement") to receive the contributions which expressed the dairy industry's gratitude for the Administration's decision to raise the price support for milk from $4.66 to $4.93 per hundredweight. . . . The *Washington Star-News* claims to have minutes of a June 6 meeting in which Roy Ash, then president of Litton Industries, threatened Navy officials that he would appeal directly to friends in the White House to solve Litton's problems (a half-billion dollars' worth) with Navy contracts for some LHAs (landing, helicopter assault ships) being built —sort of—in some automated—well, sort of—shipyards located, for some reason, in Mississippi, home of Senator John Stennis, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. If Ash wants to plead Litton's case with White House friends these days he does not have far to walk. He has been appointed to the White House staff as head of the super-powerful Office of Management and Budget. Some Washingtonians believe Litton is a candidate for the next Lockheed-type bail-out. If it is, Ash will become an issue. . . . On the other hand, perhaps Grumman Aerospace Corporation will be the next big defense contractor in trouble with the Navy. Grumman has been ordered to deliver another 48 F-14 fighter planes under terms of an existing contract. Grumman says it will not build the planes unless the contract is renegotiated. Will the government get tough? What can the government do if the corporation digs in its heels? Stay tuned. Grumman employs a zillion people on Long Island. If Grumman gets in trouble, watch for fancy footwork from Senator Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) who is a) a scourge of the military-industrial complex and b) up for re-election in 1974. . . . And then there is the story of the Teamsters union's search for the best possible legal help for its members. The union's Washington lawyer used to be Edward Bennett Williams, who also works for the Democratic National Committee—Watergate and all that. So now another law firm will receive the estimated $100,000 per year union business. The lucky law firm also is to receive the services of lawyer Charles Colson, fresh from four years on the Nixon staff and credited with helping persuade the Teamsters to endorse Nixon this year.

■ Senate GOP leadership update: Minority Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania appears headed for uncontested re-election. He has enough commitments from conservatives (including Strom Thurmond of South Carolina) to convince Howard Baker of Tennessee that the issue is settled. Whip Robert Griffin of Michigan is still unopposed. Wallace Bennett of Utah and Norris Cotton of New Hampshire announced their candidacies for Conference Chairman, then dropped out of sight. Robert Taft of Ohio is dropping hints about running against John Tower of Texas for Policy Committee Chairman. Tower has a lock on the conservative bloc, but that is not nearly enough votes. Taft has carefully cultivated (as with his pro-amnesty stand) the image of a moderate. He might win a two-man race by picking up the votes of those who do not want a conspicuous conservative at Policy. But if a liberal enters the race Taft could be squeezed out.

■ Robert Strauss of Texas, new National Chairman of the Democratic Party, is the first Southerner to hold that position since Cordell Hull of Tennessee in 1921. George Bush of Texas, new National Chairman of the Republican Party, is the first Southerner to hold that position since Congressman Carroll Reece of Tennessee in 1948. New York is the only other state that has had two national party chairmen in office at the same time. Both parties seem to agree the South is the key swing area, and Texas is the key to the South.—CATO

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years. But if future observers' committees should wish to have Strong in their number, they probably won't have to wait that long. He becomes eligible for parole in one year.

■ A few more thoughts of Chairman Mao have come to light, in secret documents obtained by Nationalist China. On the cult of Mao, as promoted by Lin Piao: "I have never believed that those few little books of mine could have such fantastic magic, yet since he blew them up the whole country has followed suit." On Lin's efforts to get Mao up on a pedestal and out of the way: "He said the People's Liberation Army was founded and led by me, and commanded personally by Lin Piao; wasn't that saying that the one who founded the People's Liberation Army may not command it?" On what Lin was really up to: "A certain person, anxious to become chief of state, tried to split the party and seize power." On what be-

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came of Lin: nothing from the Chairman yet; but party cadres are obviously being prepared to tell the people that Comrade Lin tried a coup, failed, fled, and died when his plane crashed in Mongolia. Talk about managing the news.

■ Proof positive: One of the top books on the Soviet approved list these days is Trofim Kichko's antisemitic tract, *Zionism: The Enemy of Youth*. The Soviet émigré, Rabbi Menahem Shnerson, is target for some of comrade-author Kichko's most vitriolic paragraphs. As culminating proof of Rabbi Shnerson's treacherous subversive anti-Soviet activity, Kichko triumphantly reveals that Shnerson now "lives in the aristocratic suburb of New York, Brooklyn."

■ Who says you can't turn back the clock? Idi Amin's doing it in Uganda, turning what was a developing economy into a bare-subsistence one. He kicked out the Asians; now there's nobody to keep vehicles, cotton gins, and sugar refineries repaired and running. Because of the fancied threat of "foreign invasion," he barred tourists, thus shutting off an important source of foreign currency. "We expect the Ugandan economy will drift back down to the village level," says one British Foreign Office official. And Britain will let it happen: A $24 million foreign aid credit has been canceled, and the British technical assistance program will be phased out. Clearly, Amin is being punished for his xenophobic sins. Here's for more dollar diplomacy.

■ The dollar is looking increasingly stable in comparison with the currencies of other countries. Europe and Canada are experiencing 6 to 9 per cent rates of inflation, and even Switzerland and West Germany—countries that have proven the value of a stable currency—are increasing prices at nearly double the U.S. rate. The explanation isn't hard to find. The governments involved have greatly increased the money supply in order to "stimulate" their economies—France, for example, at a 14 per cent rate, and Britain by a whopping 19 per cent.

■ Remember Joe, from the movie of the same name? Joe the odious hard hat, who decided it would be fun to shoot some dirty, long-haired, @#$%¢&* hippies, and did? And the moviegoers, hippies and culturati nodded and tsked and agreed yes, that's *just* how it is in Amerika, so Norman Wexler, Joe's creator, won all kinds of awards. Fade out . . . fade in on a transcontinental jet two weeks ago. Norman Wexler holds up picture of President Nixon, announces he's going to shoot the @#$%¢&*. Somebody radios ahead; FBI men are waiting. Cut to San Francisco city jail; Norman Wexler talking to reporters: "I don't know what I'm doing here. These people are all fascists. It represents the hysteria and terror indigenous to modern America."

■ Spiro Agnew was right about media domination, but wrong about who's doing the dominating. Harriet Van Horne explains: ". . . the public would be more critical of government and more sympathetic to the press had it not been brainwashed for forty years by a strongly conservative media establishment [sic]. It is not insignificant that in the areas served by the few liberal papers in the land, in areas blessed by a good university and a multiple choice of TV stations, public opinion tends to be liberal. That is, open-minded, accessible to new ideas, alert to injustice. Ignorance invariably walks the country lanes with fear, bigotry and reaction. Where dissent is stifled, people turn to the right. If you doubt it, travel through the South, read the newspapers in Texas, turn on your radio as you drive through Oklahoma." Sick.

■ While you are out spreading cheer and enjoying the holidays, do not forget those dedicated, selfless toilers whose sense of duty keeps them at their post day after day after day—banning toys. We refer to Nader's Raiders, for whom toy-banning has become something of a Christmas tradition, and who are having a "banner" year in 1972. Actually, it is not the Raiders who ban toys but the Food and Drug Administration, or maybe the Coast Guard, we forget, anyway acting under the authority of the Federal Toy Safety Act (and who'd ever have believed the road from Lexington to Yorktown would lead to federal toy standards?) What the Raiders do is a) report, and b) crucify through the good offices of the press, any manufacturer or store selling toys which, in the advanced opinion of the FDA (or was it the Census Bureau?), could conceivably cut, gouge, stab, burn, shock, mutilate or be accidentally swallowed by FDA researchers, the Raiders or other children. The researchers base this opinion on their ability to a) smash the toys, and b) cut, gouge, stab, burn, shock or mutilate themselves, or each other, with the debris. After what must have been a good deal of bloodshed at the FDA's (NRA? TVA? VAT? SALT?) modern new toy-smashing laboratories, 830 assorted toys were banned last year, and millions of the banned toys were "recalled," that is, sent back to the manufacturer with a note saying "no sale" or "shame on you" or something, a dead loss to everyone including kids. There is nothing wrong with removing unsafe toys from the market. But protecting children is the parents' responsibility; leaving it up to a bunch of bureaucrats and collegiate finger-pointers is unsafe at any speed.

■ "The public itself must share the blame for the fact that we have become a nation of pill poppers," charges Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.), calling for tighter regulation of the public's pushers, the drug companies. It is a pity Senator Nelson did not disclose whom he feels the public should share the blame with. We phoned the Food and Drug Administration to inquire but their answering service told us to call back in January, after the toy season.

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Penultimate Round?

If a war reaches a point where one side is clearly winning, the other side clearly losing, the arrangements for a ceasefire armistice and the transition to peace, raise no problem of principle. The technical details may take a while to work out, but everyone knows the score. In Indochina there is neither victor nor vanquished, and it is this that has made the ceasefire negotiations so agonizing. The negotiations have not been a final summing up of an already decided outcome of the struggle, but are themselves a phase of the struggle that has been continuing also in the military dimension. *NR* has never expected the American withdrawal to be either easy, painless or quick. We have predicted a conclusion of the final negotiations (though not of the underlying Indochina struggle) possibly by the end of this year (1972), almost certainly before very long into 1973. "There should be no surprise, except to believers in ninety-day miracles, that a winding down of the war should be an uneven, dragged-out process" (*NR,* Nov. 10).

In spite of the military reprise that has thrown the stock market into a faint, we maintain our prediction. Henry Kissinger's candid December 16 interview and the bombing-mining renewal are to be understood not as an abandonment of negotiations but as an integral part of this curious negotiating process that is itself a phase of the protracted conflict of our era. In the negotiations, the President—unable, because the military stage has been inconclusive, to provide our ally with a guarantee of independent choice—seeks to assure him at least a chance of survival. Hanoi wants to gain through the negotiations the total conquest it failed to win in the field. We repeat: "The final round is the most delicate of all. . . . If Hanoi is ready for peace, firmness from our side will not keep them from signing. Our weakness at the finish could lead to a peace not worth having."

Heads They Win

The treaty that is supposed to normalize relations between East and West Germany is about to be signed, and the East German government is getting ready—by clamping down even more on its subjects. It has already distributed forms to "official secret-holders," everybody from senior party officials to messengers, asking them to list all their relatives in the West and report on all transactions with non-Communists, including those by mail and phone. One of the stipulations of the treaty allows people in the East to go to West Germany on matters of family business, such as weddings and funerals; but now authorities in the East arrange meetings to "persuade" people to remain in the East. All of this explains the reluctance of many East Germans even to see or talk to West German visitors.

Of course, this isn't what Willy Brandt said he had in mind. After the terms of the treaty were announced in November, Brandt explained that their main purpose was to relax tensions between the divided Germans. The East Germans, on the other hand, wanted the treaty in order to legitimize their government and their de facto postwar boundaries. The Communists, as so often, seem to be the only ones getting what they were after.

Meanwhile, the two Germanies, thirty other European countries, the United States and Canada have been meeting in Helsinki as a prelude to next summer's Conference on European Security and Cooperation. The goals of East and West at Helsinki are approximately the same as those of East and West Germany. The Soviet Union wants final Western endorsement of Communist control of Eastern Europe. The Communists, of course, will not be expected to underwrite the status quo in Western Europe; the map on the western side is always subject to change. The Western delegates are asking, much as West Germany did in its bilateral negotiations with East Germany, for "free movement of people and ideas" among and within all European countries. It might be instructive for them to note how free movement is working out in East Germany.

Corpse at Turtle Bay

The truth is now out. The Nixon Administration backs the UN 1,000 per cent, a fact made perfectly clear by a series of recent moves in connection with the establishment at Turtle Bay.

At the beginning of December, the U.S. won its demand to have its assessment reduced from 31.5 to 25 per cent. Though the sum involved amounted to only $13 million, the symbolism was plain enough, and reflected, indeed, the sentiment of Congress as well.

The next set of moves proved to be a special delight to connoisseurs. First, George Bush was moved from his post as UN Ambassador (Cabinet rank) to a new job as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Screams of pain from UN-olaters: These were not equivalent jobs! The Turtle Bay post was being "downgraded" (*New York Times*)! Perish the thought, replied the White House. President Nixon just adores the UN. Then the other shoe fell. Bush's replacement would be . . . John Scali. *John Scali!* You mean the former TV reporter and White House aide? (Never mind that he is a gifted and pleasant human being.) More screams of pain. Was that a fitting way to treat the Parliament of Man, the Town Meeting of the World, the Last Best Hope of Mankind? Even so.

The truth has been obscured since 1945 by clouds of utopian rhetoric, given off by both Democrats and Republicans, but serious policymakers have recognized the weakness of the UN from the start and have treated it accordingly. In *Present at the Creation*, the late Dean Acheson recalls how Edward Stettinius, named as first UN representative, demanded Cabinet rank as symbolizing the importance of the post. Nothing doing, said Truman: The UN post would be an ambassadorship like any other; he would be instructed by and report to the Secretary of State. President Eisenhower elevated the post in a

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sort of absence of mind. Henry Cabot Lodge had been one of his supporters for the Presidency, organizing the campaign while Ike was still on the job at NATO. Ike elevated the UN post to Cabinet rank as a favor to Lodge; even so, there was never any doubt who the Secretary of State was: John Foster Dulles. President Kennedy regarded the post as rather derisory, and gave it to Adlai Stevenson as a *pis-aller*. Stevenson had no power within the Kennedy Cabinet. Dag Hammarskjöld himself regarded the UN as, modestly, an adjunct to diplomacy, but even this function has been damaged by the proliferation of unstable and demagogic Third-World dictatorships which have seen the sprawling General Assembly principally as a device for damaging vulnerable pro-Western nations like Rhodesia and South Africa, and, whenever possible, for expressing resentment against the U.S. by means of assorted anti-Israel resolutions and outrages like the Taiwan vote.

And so we return to reality in a gradually descending arc: from Charles Yost, a competent if colorless career diplomat, to George Bush, the man who, though highly intelligent and charming, had just lost to Lloyd Bentsen in Texas, and then to John Scali. Admirers of the UN can, however, take some comfort in the Scali appointment. After all, Nixon could have named Murray Chotiner. Or did Chotiner turn it down?

"Never mind the gift wrap. They're for me."

The IRA: Unhappy New Year

Things are not going well for the IRA, either in Northern Ireland or the Republic. Ever since July 31, when British troops smashed the barricades in the Catholic sections of Belfast and Londonderry, the IRA militants have been deprived of sanctuaries in Ulster. Since the barricades came down, British troops have arrested more than 150 IRA members and killed or wounded about fifty. It is reported that the number of active terrorists in the North has dropped from four hundred to 150, with at least two remaining IRA groups now being led by sixteen year olds. Britain, however, could never achieve complete pacification in Ulster while the terrorists were allowed sanctuary in the Republic of Ireland. Officially the IRA has been outlawed in the Republic for years but in reality has operated with only slight government harassment. That changed three weeks ago when Prime Minister Heath met with Ireland's Prime Minister, Jack Lynch, in London.

Neither Heath nor Lynch discussed the results of the meeting, but ever since, Jack Lynch has been a much tougher man with the IRA. Quickly after his return, he indicated the new governmental policy: Sean MacStiofain, leader of the IRA's militant Provisional wing, was arrested in Dublin. The Provisionals retaliated immediately by bombing a Dublin theater, but this played into Lynch's hands. He proposed a new law in which all that was necessary for detention of a suspected IRA operative was the sworn belief of a senior police officer that the suspect belonged to the group. At first there was strong opposition in the Irish Parliament. While MacStiofain and the IRA had few supporters, many condemned Lynch's bill as undemocratic and draconian. On the night of the vote, however, the roar of two massive bombs was heard in the Dublin Parliament; two people were killed and 127 wounded. Somebody, whether it was IRA or Protestant provocateurs is not known, but somebody rescued Jack Lynch's bill.

Early next year, Prime Minister Heath will announce new British proposals for Ulster. It seems obvious that at their London meeting Heath gave Prime Minister Lynch a very good idea of what these will be. Obviously Lynch wasn't disappointed.

Tomorrow the World

The Department of Justice has made a dramatic choice of targets. IBM and Xerox are the two foremost enterprises of the post-industrial age; at the very top in the application of advanced technology, in organization, and in profitability. They are, moreover, in the leading ranks of those corporations that in the postwar generation have been undergoing a mutation from national to multinational and, in implicit thrust at least, toward the transnational.

It is therefore altogether fitting that these two should be selected as the subjects of most thorough public examination. Perhaps it would have been better if this examination could have been carried out, in its preliminary stage at least, only as a search for objective truths rather than as an adversary confrontation with immense political and financial stakes. But maybe there

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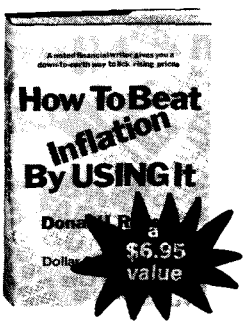

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Cheer Up, Mr. Nixon

It doesn't please Tom Wicker
Or Harriet Van Horne.
McGovern's sad and Teddy's mad,
While Muskie weeps till morn.
Predictably, Jack Javits
Unsheathed his snickersnee.
But if it helps amidst the yelps,
The bombing pleases me.

W. H. VON DREELE

was no other way a sufficiently profound inquiry could be instituted. We shall have to hope that the truths will make their way through the clash of the mighty forces that will meet in these actions.

For the truths here are of great moment. Can an organization be so successful that its very success becomes a social threat? Do these dazzling corporations and their similars threaten to suffocate the chances for the free and potentially fruitful pursuit of rival initiatives? Does their own superb performance and the multitude of services they have done depend on vast size and a concentration of enormous resources? What is the effect of the transnational evolution of business on the interests of the original home country, its relations with the other countries into which the business extends, its bearing on global peace and well-being? Does the whole scale of the post-industrial age, with satellite communications systems, nuclear projects, advanced weapons systems and space projects, entail the supporting structure of enormous transnational corporations? Are these transnational corporations an octopus that will strangle men or an infusion that will free them?

The answers are not to be found in the text of the Sherman Act, or in the carping of the critics.

A Choice for Teachers

The National Education Association was once a dignified professional organization, disdainful of the divisive union tactics of its rival, the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO). In recent years, the NEA has joined the ranks of the militants in supporting teachers' strikes and compulsory union membership. There is now so little difference between the NEA and the AFT that the two are considering a merger.

Michigan and Hawaii already have laws to require payment of union dues in order to teach. Mrs. Carol Applegate successfully challenged this agency shop extortion in a Michigan circuit court, but things are tougher in Hawaii, where the state requires a mandatory payroll deduction of $77 to be paid to the local NEA affiliate.

"We are the biggest potential striking force in this country," boasts NEA President Catherine Barrett, "and we are determined to control the direction of education." What does *that* mean? Well, the Hawaiian Teachers Association suggests classroom lessons "to have students understand the collective bargaining process in the context of the successful teachers' strike," and to "familiarize students with terms commonly used in strikes" (such as "scab" and "fink"). The AFT offers "a poster for your classroom to help encourage your students to boycott the Farah Company, whose policies exploit Mexican-Americans." Both the NEA and the AFT endorsed McGovern.

Fortunately, teachers fed up with politicization of their profession have an alternative. A fledgling organization, the National Association of Professional Educators (16024 Ventura Blvd., Encino, Calif.), is active in 35 states. In addition to providing group insurance and other services, NAPE opposes strikes and compulsory union membership, and supports constructive cooperation between teachers and taxpayers. Because of NEA's default, the National Association of Professional Educators now provides the best hope of restoring the professional status of teachers, and of putting the public back into public schools.

A Little Bit Crazy

The Supreme Court has ruled that an Illinois law that allows abortion to save the mother's life does not apply to a fifteen-year-old Chicago girl whose sponsors had invoked psychiatric reasons to justify killing the fetus: The girl was said to have an "extremely high suicide potential." The Court's ruling is going to prevent a great many "therapeutic" abortions in Illinois, and perhaps elsewhere too.

The whole idea of "therapeutic abortion" is extremely dubious, as Dr. James H. Ford points out in the November *California Medicine*. Psychiatry has not established its claim to scientific authority, Ford argues, since its predictions, especially predictions about the psychological effects of pregnancy and child-bearing, have never been shown to be reliable. He notes that physicians often regard abortion as merely a form of birth control, and find it easy to drum up a psychiatrist who will testify (on demand, as it were) that a given patient will be traumatized if her pregnancy continues; the "evidence," often subtly coaxed out by the psychiatrist himself, usually amounts to the woman's professed reluctance to bear the child. Ford criticizes the "incongruous use of the euphemistic term *therapeutic* in discussing sociologic abortion in order to hide its social-engineering implications," and contends that the integrity of the medical profession requires that it condemn this cheap evasion.

The nature of psychiatry makes it peculiarly liable to such abuses. An obstetrician rarely has to choose between a mother's life and a child's at the moment of delivery; a psychiatrist can hardly claim to face that

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hard choice on the remote chance that a mother will be overwhelmed by postpartum despondency. If there is such a dilemma, let it be demonstrated rather than assumed; or let psychiatrists stop encouraging the belief that their practice is an applied science involving a high order of predictability.

Flourishing Freedom

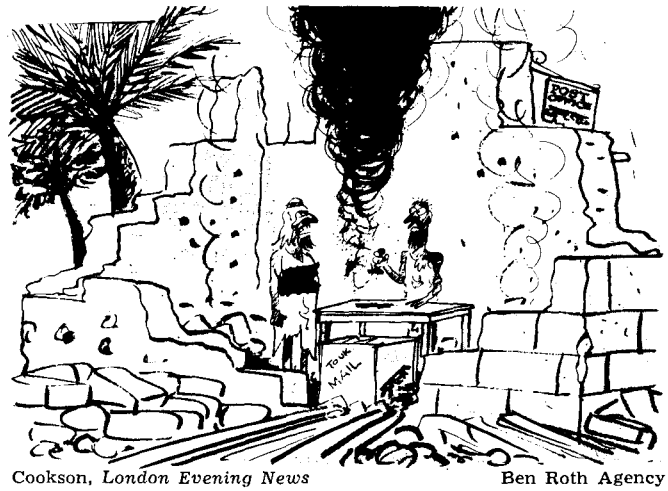
I. The news from Freedom House is that two-thirds of the world's people "suffer severe political and civil deprivations," i.e., aren't free. The remaining, free nations (those that enjoy a free press, a fair and humane judicial and penal system, and limited government) are those of North America and Western Europe; some in Latin America; India, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and a few island nations here and there; only two in the Middle East—Israel and Lebanon; and only one in Africa: Gambia. 1972, noted the report, was "not a happy year for freedom in Africa," with "an almost irreversible trend toward more military and one-party states."

II. Meanwhile, in Paris, a bunch of little emerging despotisms joined the French and the Communist nations in approving (47 to 9) a UNESCO resolution calling for a ban on all satellite broadcasting into countries whose governments don't want it. When some delegates—including the American—tried to debate the measure, several Africans prevented them by yelling and screaming. As they say in the General Assembly, one-nation, one-whoop.

III. Soviet physicist-dissident Valeriy Chalidze, while visiting New York, wrote an article for the *N.Y. Times*' Op Ed page criticizing current Soviet repression. Soon afterward, two Soviet consular officials paid him a visit. One asked to inspect his passport, handed it to his companion (who tucked it in his pocket), and informed Chalidze that he had forfeited his Soviet citizenship. The U.S. State Department announced that he is welcome to stay here, but Chalidze insisted he still means to go home, for some reason.

A Shoppers' Guide to 1973

Unusual weather in the Soviet paradise, for the 56th consecutive year following the Revolution, will cause crop failures in all areas but those under cultivation as private truck gardens. After painstaking investigation the military junta in the Kremlin will trace the difficulty to the evil machinations of two Russian violinists and a lyric poet, all of whom will be sentenced to thirty years in Siberian labor camps after a fair trial. Rather than starve, the Soviet paradise managers will purchase wheat from the Western world, making payment with gold that has been produced by the most modern mining methods as implemented by poets and violinists. It will be explained in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* that this is an improvement over the irrational forces of the market.



Cookson, *London Evening News* Ben Roth Agency

"I told you to go easy with that date stamp!"

In Ireland, always assuming Her Majesty's troops don't pop the bilge valve and let the island sink into the briny deep, the Earwig faction will accuse the Pogmahones of craven capitulation in the face of enemy bravado, and 75,000 souls will be liberated. Her Majesty's forces will drop 39 million tons of bombs on Belfast. Prince Philip will command the naval forces that surround the island and enforce an insuperable blockade on everything but imprecations, which know no national boundaries. A pick-up army of 400,000 men will descend upon the northern regions and do their thing. The military junta in Belfast will scream bloody murder, and the military junta in London will periodically announce the names of heroes.

In the Near East, in accordance with a custom that goes back for six thousand years now between Arab and Jew, there will be nothing new under the sun. The military junta which is red pins stuck in a map will keep a vigilant eye trained on the military junta which is blue pins. The *New York Times* will go crazy if anyone strikes a match.

In South America, two dozen military juntas and one asylum for the moderately insane will sign a Protocol calling for Universal Human Brotherhood of Mankind and Expression of People-to-People International Understanding. Six hundred million copies of the Proclamation will be printed by a small job shop run by a relative of one of the signatories. The Proclamations will be discovered in a warehouse and will prove useful, later in the year, for burning the University library to the ground. Of the 25 signatories only three will be both alive and in South America by year-end. No offense intended.

The military junta in South Vietnam will request the military-industrial junta in Washington to _____, provided that North Vietnam _____, or, failing that, that Henry Kissinger _____, check the best two out of three ☐, ☐, ☐, within _____ days of

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the receipt of written confirmation from _____, phuyen ngo dgap pbuyen gduyen duhduh. FILE THIS IN A COOL DRY PLACE.

The last American troops will be withdrawn from Southeast Asia by midyear. After that, 600,000 *more* American troops will be withdrawn from Southeast Asia. Remember, you saw it first in NATIONAL REVIEW.

The Secretary of the Treasury will announce in April (and also in January, September, July, March, November, Brumaire, August and Fructidor) that the official price of gold will always be $38, that the dollar will never be devalued, that gold is a barbarous relic, that the U.S. balance of payments will move into a jolly surplus inacouplamonths, that inflation is under control, that Certain Foreign Central Banks are barnacles on the ship of progress, that the Gross National Product is climbing like gangbusters thanks to the skill and productivity of American members of the Nixon Team, and more to the same purpose. Wage and price controls will be hailed as the symbol of Free Men Acting Responsibly. Those who disagree will be singled out as lyric poets and violinists, and dealt with in accordance with the provisions of the law.

Mr. and Mrs. George McGovern (at this point we turn our attention to the human actors in these vasty dramas) will go down, deep down, in history. John Lindsay will grow in stature as his platform (the uncollected garbage of New York) rises gradually toward the moon. Every politician who is released from prison will announce, like Carmine de Sapio, that he isn't going to run for public office. Lots of guys and dolls will get their pictures in the papers for no good reason at all: Aristotle and Jackie, Teddy and Joan and David and Lisa, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Meyer Lansky, Lee Trevino, Jane F., Liz, Dick, Pat, Julie, Ed, Tricia, John, Harry, Joe, Carl, Moe, Nelson Rockefeller, Chuck Percy, whatsisname, Fulano, Sulano, Mengano. All of these worthies will be quoted saying cute things, and profound things, things that show their humanity and their deep concern for thee and me.

All of which costs money. Taxes will go up.

Now abideth faith, hope, charity.

Let us pray.

Oh Lord . . .

—WFR

Tibor Szamuely, R I P

We are sure many of *NR*'s readers will share the editors' sorrow at learning of the premature death of our friend and contributor, Tibor Szamuely. In his 47 years Dr. Szamuely's career traced one of those almost incredible patterns of our epoch. He was born in Moscow in 1925, of Hungarian parents. His uncle, whose name he was given, was the leader of Hungary's aborted 1919 Communist revolution. The family soon after shifted to England, where the young Tibor went to Bertrand Russell's famous Beacon Hill School. In the mid-Thirties they returned to Russia, where the father soon vanished in Stalin's Great Purge. In World War II, Szamuely served in the Red Army, then entered Moscow University at war's end. In 1951 he was suddenly arrested and sent to the infamous Vorkuta labor-camp complex. On the next turn of the Kremlin's wheel, he was as suddenly released and permitted to go to Hungary, where he was appointed first professor, then vice chancellor at Budapest University. He was sent to lecture in Nkrumah's Ghana, whence he, with his wife and children, made their way to England, where they remained, to become citizens in 1969. He quickly became publicly known in England, not only as a profound scholar and able teacher in the field of Russian history and politics, but as journalist, debater and lecturer. *NR* was fortunate in having been able to publish, in recent years, a number of his remarkably informative and always illuminating articles and reviews. Luckily he had finished shortly before his death the book (*The Russian Tradition*) on which he had been working for many years. We extend our sympathy to his wife, Dr. Nina Szamuely, his daughter Helen and son George.

Notes & Asides

■ *NR*'s friend Noel Busch dozed off the other evening over *The New Oxford Book of English Verse*, just after re-reading Keats' sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." He dreamt the following:

On First (somewhat belatedly) Looking into *Portnoy's Complaint*

Much have I travelled in the reams of mould
And many grimy skits and playlets seen;
Round many West Side alleys have I been
Which hoods in fealty to Porno hold.
Oft of one low expanse had I been told
That foul-mouthed Philip ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its blue obscene
Till I heard Portnoy speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some voyeur of the sties
When a new peep-show spins into his ken;
Or like stout Ginzburg, when with ogle eyes
He stared at *Eros*—but, poor chap, *not* when
He and his lawyers got a rude surprise
That put him in a pique in Penn State Pen.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read with interest your column regarding Germaine Greer and the recently issued tract, "Guidelines for Improving the Image of Women in Textbooks."

I wonder, then, without more, if you would consider it

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appropriate or within the scope of your responsibility to pass along to Scott, Foresman and Company the suggestion that they have their attorneys take whatever steps may be necessary to have its (or her?) corporate name changed to "Scott, Foresperson and Company"?

Philip F. Howerton Jr.
Charlotte, N.C.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
For many years I have observed your jejune attempts at intellectuality with amused contempt. Last night, however, your equating the amnesty of antiwar Americans whose "crime" is aversion to killing, with amnesty for Nazi killers, showed you to be worthy of disgust.

Ugh!

Sylvia S. Dorn
1050 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10028

Dear Mrs. Dorn: I didn't compare draft-dodgers to Nazi killers, I observed that amnesty can be sought in behalf of everyone, from Nazi killers to American draft-dodgers —to New York cranks. I hereby grant you yours. Cordially, —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
In answer to your question, no, I do not like your new cover design. I rarely find a break with tradition to be an aesthetic improvement. I would rather buy Esso gasoline than Exxon; I would prefer to ride the Canadian Pacific Railway rather than the CP Rail; and I do not regard the Fidelity Bank as a pleasing substitute for the Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Company. Avenue of the Americas is still Sixth Avenue, and no conjoint *NR* is going to replace NATIONAL REVIEW in the minds of right-thinking Americans. Sincerely,

Frederick Miller III
Philadelphia, Pa.

Muddling Through

I've had it pointed out, and I believe,
The British do what we'll be doing soon:
If, Sunday morning, their progressives heave,
Ours spill their guts by Sunday afternoon.
Their social legislation makes us swoon;
Our fingers tingle at the public till.
We yearn to make the workingman immune.
We weep for each exploited Jack and Jill.
I give our liberals ten years until
The Pill is free for mothers on parole;
When Jack makes money falling down a hill.
And Jill gets all her dentures on the dole.
By then, if we're on schedule, we'll be
All set to queue for electricity.

W. H. VON DREELE

Dear Mr. Miller: We are still NATIONAL REVIEW. *The contraction is for convenience' sake. on the odd cover. Drop by next time you come to Nieuw Amsterdam. Cordially,* —*WFB*

■ Gentlemen:
A great and memorable chapter in the history of NATIONAL REVIEW comes to an unfortunate end with the new year when supervision of the book section passes from Mrs. Frank Meyer to a new member of the *NR* staff. Under the sensitive and devoted leadership of Frank S. Meyer the book section performed a unique and treasured role in its superb contribution to American literary review. Since Frank's unfortunate death last April, his wife Elsie has continued the tradition of excellence that has made the *NR* book section one of America's most respected reviews.

As *NR*'s feature on Frank Meyer so ably pointed out, everything he accomplished was in a real sense a family enterprise performed with the able counsel and support of Elsie, John and Eugene. So it has been especially fitting that Mrs. Meyer has served as Book Editor in his stead. Sincerely,

Jerry Edwin Smith
Lubbock, Texas

We join with Mr. Smith in expressing our gratitude to Mrs. Meyer, who after a short vacation will join us as Special Projects Editor. —*WFB*

■ Monsieur,
Au cours de votre entretien télévisé avec Monsieur Cavett le 6 Octobre 1972 vous avez attribué à tort une maxime de ma confection à Monsieur Oscar Wilde, savoir:

No 218 de mon livre *Maximes* qui date de *1664*:
. . "L'hypocrisie est une hommage que le vice rend à la vertu."

Tout en reconnaissant les vertus de Monsieur Wilde, aussi bien que les lacunes lamentables de Yale, je vous prie de ne plus accorder l'honneur d'avoir composé les *Réflexions, ou Sentences et Maximes Morales* à un autre, que j'ai devancé par presque deux siécles.

M. Cavett a eu raison de devoir réfléchir "une minute" avant de comprendre la maxime.

le Duc de La Rochefoucauld
Versailles

Your Grace: Don't you remember the time you told it to Oscar, and he said, "I wish I had said that," and you said, "You will, Oscar"? Well he did. I'm glad you got off your derrière long enough to set the record straight. —*WFB*

■ And a very Merry Christmas to you all, from the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, many of whom are as delinquent in sending out Christmas cards as, your servant, —**WFB**

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Assessing the Terrorism Tradeoff

JAMES BURNHAM

In a page of "Notes on Terrorism" (*NR*, Oct. 13) I noted: "After each spectacular terrorist operation we are told that terrorism is 'senseless' and against the interests of 'all mankind.' Since 'everyone is against it,' everyone must get together to put an end to it. But in the event, everyone never succeeds in getting together." The UN General Assembly reconfirmed this law a couple of weeks ago when the Communist-Arab-African nations mustered a large majority to shelve a U.S.-sponsored resolution to draw up an international antiterrorist treaty. Par for the course.

The day after this UN vote the editorial columns of the U.S. press exploded with indignation over the UN's "irresponsible" behavior in the face of etc. *De indignationibus non est disputandum*, as the old saying goes. If I went in for indignation myself, it would more likely have been aroused by a little item that found an obscure spot in a few papers that same day. A group of dissident Cubans had hijacked a boat and sailed it to what they believed was going to be freedom on U.S. territory. On landing in Florida they were arrested by federal agents and locked up. Crew and boat were promptly sent back to Castro, and (the news item suggested) this was also to be the disposition of the defectors if all goes well with the Cuban-American negotiations currently under way for an antihijacking, antiterrorist pact. Castro had made clear that a ship antihijacking accord is his quid for the U.S.-desired quo of an aircraft antihijacking accord. And (the news item concluded) Washington did not want, by granting asylum to this group that had arrived at such a delicate moment, to "jeopardize" the negotiations.

It is not hard to comprehend why some Arab, African and Communist nations are not anxious to ban all forms of terrorism. There are plenty of reasons why many organizations, many nations, and many individuals either carry out terrorist acts themselves or condone those carried out by others. But I want to zero the question in on American citizens. Ought I, a responsible American citizen, be in favor of a universal and absolute ban on terrorism in the broad sense given the term in present discussion (assassination, random killing, hijacking of any sort of vehicle, taking and use of hostages, violent blackmail)?

Those hijacking Cuban defectors bother me. I am not sure I want the U.S. authorities to send them back in return for Castro's promise to send back the hijackers of U.S. aircraft. Or take those citizens of Soviet bloc nations who now and then make a break for freedom by seizing an airplane, truck, or North Sea boat. I would feel uneasy at a reciprocal return-to-point-of-origin deal with the Soviet bloc—even, let me confess it, if the defectors from Communism had had to use violence to get through. And the other day I read a summary of the defection situation on the China-Hong Kong boundary. About 125,000 have tried to escape this year, of whom the Communist border guards have shot or arrested a hundred thousand. The remaining 25,000 made it, most of them as night-time "Freedom Swimmers." Several batches came in hijacked junks. The Hong Kong police send back the boats and crews, but allow the defectors to disappear within Hong Kong's millions. I don't think I would wish it otherwise even for the sake of a binding universal antiterror treaty. Naturally I am referring to genuine political defectors; I have no objection to sending back criminals and no-goods. But I wouldn't like Moscow or Peking or Prague to have a say in deciding who was which.

The Cost of Anti-Terror

More specifically as to aircraft hijacking, which has provoked the fuss. I have made a couple of air journeys recently, since tighter and more massive security measures have been introduced. One thing I began thinking about was the cost of these measures—I mean dollars and cents cost. What with all the guards on ground and in the air, the checking and searching and electronic apparatus and psychological study and administrative expense and delays for everybody, the total cost must be up in the many millions per month. Where do you stop? Some amount, surely is too much to pay. When you come right down to it, the hijackings haven't done so terribly much injury to many people, and in money they don't cost a fraction of the antihijacking measures.

On these recent trips my wife and I, like all the passengers, really got a going over: observers in the background comparing each of us to the "typical profile," frisking with an electronic grid, passage through electronic monitors, detailed pawing through hand luggage, briefcases, handbags—really detailed, with rummaging in toilet and jewelry cases, fiddling with anything electronic, etc. This sort of thing doesn't annoy me much, since I long ago formed a habit of indifference toward bureaucratic manners and morals, but rationally it poses questions. It is something of an imposition, really, on us ordinary citizens, and there are these difficult questions about civil rights that are beginning to be publicly raised. And let's drop this nonsense about no invasion of rights because you don't *have* to travel by air.

Playing the Odds

A fourth point, bearing on the proposed international antiterrorism treaty. I would be exceedingly wary of *any* accord concerning human rights that had been agreed to by *both* the Soviet *and* the United States governments.

There are, I have read, more than 25,000 separate (i.e., ground to ground) commercial air flights daily in the U.S. I can't find the figures for the world, but a hundred thousand would be a minimum. This means that when you board an airplane the odds against your being hijacked are better than a million to one. Whether we realize it or not, we risk life and health every day at odds much, much worse than this. Moreover, no conceivable measures or treaties could give us a 100 per cent guarantee We may be going overboard on this antiterrorism kick. Perhaps this too is a candidate for a little benign neglect. □

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LAND OF THE OX-CART

Albania: Red China's Cuba

NINO LO BELLO

WATCHING the traffic cop in Skanderbeg Square, hub of both Albania and its capital, Tirana, is an experience not to be matched anywhere else in Europe—and perhaps in the world. Because there are fewer than a dozen privately owned autos in the whole country, about half of them in Tirana, the policeman on duty has one of the most solitary jobs imaginable.

Garbed in black pants and white jacket, with a white cap and spotless white gloves, he does his job to perfection. When he spots a vehicle coming about four or five blocks away, he makes sure he has everything under control. Fortissimo, he blows his whistle; prestissimo, he raises his authoritative gloved hand; and pianissimo, he makes the car come to a stop. In a final graceful flourish, the cop then sends the obedient vehicle off.

What road traffic there is in Albania consists mostly of ox-carts, bicycles, mule wagons and people on foot. Vehicular traffic, such as it is, consists of state-owned trucks and tractors and chauffeur-driven government limousines (you never see the official inside because the curtains are always pulled). In Tirana there is only one gas station; in all the rest of the country there is one more. The regime had promised there would be four stations by the end of last year, but nothing was said about improving the badly asphalted roads or removing the hundreds of potholes and boulders that interfere with highway travel.

Standing at the narrow mouth of the Adriatic Sea, the "Land of the Mountain Eagle" (or *Shqiperia*—correct spelling—as it is known in Albanian) is 210 miles long, and less than ninety miles wide, and has two million people. This smallest and shabbiest of Communist countries has the biggest chip on its shoulder. Ever since First Secretary Enver Hoxha, the last of the oldtime Stalinists, gave Moscow the back of his hand and openly sided with Red China, Albania has been a country without a friend for thousands of miles from its borders.

The economic and ideological influence of Josef Stalin holds firm. The economy has never attained any degree of vigor (the Gross National Product is $550 million). The Kremlin provided money and technical aid by building an oil refinery, several hydroelectric power stations and some factories, but it was not enough.

TODAY the Russians are gone, and the faces you see at Tirana's Daiti Hotel are nearly all Oriental. Evidence of the assistance Mainland China gives can be found almost everywhere in the country. China is financing more than thirty industrialization projects, the showpiece project being the "Mao Tse-tung" textile factory south of Tirana which, with its 6,500 employees, is Albania's largest single enterprise.

Hoxha (pronounced HOE-juh) is without doubt the world's most autocratic ruler, yet he has the all but unanimous backing of his people—a people, by the way, who show little interest in politics, are scarcely aware of being behind the times, and do not require much from life. His name is emblazoned on hillsides in large letters of white stone, scratched out on the side of a mountain, printed in large chalk letters on buildings and spelled out in varicolored flower arrangements in parks. His picture is in every shop and every public building; banners on every main street in every town bear the message *Lav Enver* (Glory to Enver). You will find Hoxha's name or picture posted on farmhouse walls and even on smokestacks.

Hoxha maintains his grip on the country by purge trials, forced-labor camps, secret-police methods and severe censorship. Many of his party comrades have been liquidated in an unending reign of terror, and he rules not only through intimidation and fear, but also by shrewdly including many of his relatives in top posts. On the Central Committee are the dictator's wife Nexhemie, several brothers-in-law, and other family members.

At the end of Tirana's principal street, the Boulevard of the Fallen Heroes of the Nation, stands a ten-foot-high statue of Stalin, probably the only Stalin monument left in Europe. Staring sightlessly down the avenue with its well-tended trees and modern streetlights, Stalin stands with his hand on his chest inside his maxi-coat. In the port of Durres there is a Boulevard Stalin; busts of Stalin are everywhere, and new Albanian stamps carry his portrait.

It was Nikita Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin in 1956 that opened the breach between Tirana and Moscow. By 1960, Hoxha was denouncing the Soviets and singing the praises of Mao.

The Chinese benefit from this most unnatural of alliances. Through it, they established a beachhead in Europe—and not merely an ideological one. They have set up four submarine bases along Albania's coast and have an undetermined number of subs stationed at the Saseno Island naval base, at the port towns of Kep i Rodonit and Kep i Palit, and in the Bay of Valona. Chinese-built missile bases near Valona reportedly can handle missiles in the 350- to 450-mile range, and Mao has given Hoxha thirty MiG fighters. Perhaps China's little beachhead in Europe is merely a nuisance to the Red Fleet that is now moving into the Mediterranean, but perhaps not.

Time has not erased the Soviet Union's memory of Hoxha's performance at the Party Congress in 1960, when his inflamed oratory made the break with Moscow final.

"While the rats in Russia were still eating well," Hoxha ranted at Khrushchev, "the Albanian people starved. Is that what you call Communism?"

Khrushchev shot back: "You have poured dung over me, Comrade Hoxha. One day you will have to wash it off yourself."

But Hoxha got in the last word, appropriating for rhetorical purposes the 800 million people of Red China. As he stalked out of the Congress he shouted: "Don't forget, comrades, that we are now more than 802-million strong!" □

Mr. Lo Bello, author of two books on the Catholic Church, is an American correspondent based in Vienna.

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TOGETHERNESS

The Heaths decide to take on the Trapps at their own game.
Why shouldn't they?—they outnumber them.
That's what they told themselves.
Sad

A Heath Christmas Carol Program

ALOISE B. HEATH

NONE of the Heath children was born on Sunday, but many of them almost were, which may account for the fact that, although bright *and* bonny *and* good *and* gay they are not, bonny and gay they indubitably are.

They may get A2 in handwriting and D4 in word analysis; they may get "whole-heartedly enthusiastic" in sports, and "constantly inattentive" in social studies, but they are the bonniest crew —not in the whole country; that's ridiculous, I always tell people—in New England. Though, I admit it, I don't know the rest of the country very well.

It is regrettably true that they forge their father's name to undone homework slips (remember those As in penmanship) at eight; that they fall in love with and torture members of the opposite sex at eleven, and that by the age of twelve they have discovered that you can smoke into the exhaust fan of the first-floor lavatory with absolute safety, whereas smoking out of the third-floor bathroom means Mother calls the Fire Department. (They learn about cigarettes young because when we catch them smoking, we beat them.)

And gay my children unquestionably are. They rollick into the house from school, burst into paroxysms of laughter at the extraordinary coincidence of their reunion from various car pools, plan their far-flung wickednesses in gales of muffled giggles, are scolded with eyes twinkling above insufficiently suppressed grins, and fall asleep in the midst of a choked chuckle at 8, 9 or 10 P.M., according to whether their bedtime was at 7, 8, or nine.

And they sing! Lord, how they sing! They sing alone or in unison, in harmony, cacophony or competition, and if two of the stubborn ones simultaneously embark on "The Surrey with the

Fringe on Top" and "Silent Night," an immediate popularity contest ensues, as other children drift into the room and join in one song or the other. If the singers are equally popular, you just have to break it up. (Not by saying: "Break it up," you understand. Who's listening? What I usually do is play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" very loudly on the piano.)

With all the gaiety and caroling that goes on in our house all year round, it is only natural that we plan, early every December, a Christmas carol program to put on tape after it is absolutely perfect, and send it to the children's grandmother as an absolutely unique, unprocurable in stores, Christmas gift.

One reason this always seems feasible in early December is that around then the children are infinitesimally better-behaved than usual. I myself attribute this to the fact that their father and I are, not infinitesimally at all, worse. I have even discussed with Ben the potentialities of our being worse all the time, for the children's own good, but he insists he is the same at Christmas time as he is the year round which, as I occasionally—well, maybe a *little* more often than occasionally—point out, is a clear admission that he is impossible all the time.

IN ANY case, there's no question that, around Christmas time, the children are more cooperative. All of them will stand still and concentrate, instead of two reading comic books and three wrestling under the piano. They willingly all sing *"fa-la-la-la-la, la la! la! la!"* even though most of the boys, and all of the girls under twelve, say it makes them feel silly. All in all, it seems an ideal time to plan a Christmas program, and I do so, in spite of a) an unbroken record of failure, and b) the boys.

Boys, as anyone with fewer resources than the director of the Vienna Boys' Choir knows, are an insuperable obstacle to group singing. I am convinced that Madame von Trapp had hers wired for sound.

In our family, 21-year-old Jim is the only dependable boy. He has a soft, melodious tenor voice, he sings fa-la-la without shame, and he whacks the little ones when they fidget. Seventeen-year-old John, who also has a nice voice, is,

This, her last Christmas piece for NATIONAL REVIEW, *was published two weeks before Aloïse Buckley Heath's death in January 1967.*

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unfortunately, musically gifted, and refuses to waste his talent on mere singing. He plays the descant to the carols on his recorder, and if there is not a satisfactory descant he composes one, which is lovely, but it leaves Jim alone and lonely down there below middle C. Buckley, at thirteen, sings a high and piercingly sweet soprano, but he is under the impression that a listening world will believe his voice has changed if he emits all sounds an octave lower than is normal to him. And he sings that way until his ribs are so sore from his brothers' and sisters' pounding that he can barely sing at all, which, as I keep pointing out, may be good for discipline, but not for Christmas carol programs. Timothy, who is a crotchety eight, refuses flatly to make any concessions on the part of the language as it is spoken, to the language as it is sung. *"Glo-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o-, o-o-o-o-o-oria"* is not for Tim. He sings *"Glo-,"* compares the marble collection in his right pocket with the marble collection in his left pocket, and rejoins the chorale unerringly on *"ria,"* but neither pleading nor pummeling will induce him to vocalize all those finky "aws." All this is a little hard on Pam, who is nineteen and who, as the conscientious and efficient head of her school Madrigal Club last year, has much higher standards than the rest of us.* Our carol program this year was to be not just Mother at the piano, John at the recorder and nine children singing in unison. It was to include part singing, solos, duets, trios and quartets, Buckley on the drums, ten-year-old Jennifer on the triangle and a piano duet by Betsey and Alison who are eleven and twelve and hate each other.

Our first difficulties I could see coming. Buckley played the drum, not with a gently medieval boom, or even with a gay seventeenth-century ratatat, but as if he were soloing during a pause in a program by the Rolling Stones, which was impressive, to be sure, but reduced the singers to utter inaudibility. Jennifer ting'd on the triangle whenever it seemed to her that she had not tung for quite long enough, and Betsey and Alison, who have never entirely grasped the purpose of a duet, exchanged sidelong black-eyed glares and raced each other through "Jingle Bells," Alison winning handily by a good two and a half measures.

Timothy and little Janet, who were to solo as friendly beasts in the carol known only to the parents of small children, "The Friendly Beasts," were less than cooperative. Janet refused to sing, *"I, said the cow, all white and red,"* because she said cows were ugly and she was not; besides, everyone kept smiling at her; and Tim persisted in singing, *"I, said the don-key, all shag-gy and brown,"* as *"I. Said the donkey. All shaggy. And brown. I carried. His Mother. Uphill. And down."*

After the special effects numbers the group launched into the standard Christmas carols while Pam conducted and I concentrated on the piano. I have to concentrate harder than most people on the piano because of an abnormal tendency to play everything in D Major. Our repertoire was nearly finished when Pam addressed the group in less than a friendly tone.

"If anybody's being funny around here, they just can just stop it right now."

There was a blank silence. Long blue eyes met wide black eyes without the glimmer of a twinkle. Pam waited a minute, then she said:

"Mother, let's start over, and I'll take the piano while you come out here and listen. There's something peculiar going on. Now listen *carefully*."

I listened carefully, and it was then I decided my children are either not quite bright enough to live, or else they are too gay to bear.

Do you know what "afforient" is? Neither did I till I heard Priscilla, who is fifteen and who should know better, sweetly warble that she three kings afforient were, and I asked her. "Afforient," if you are interested, is the state of being disoriented, or wandering, as one does over field and fountain, moor and mountain.

And has anybody ever wondered where the Ranger is on Christmas Eve? Has anyone, for that matter, ever given a single thought to the Ranger on Christmas Eve? Well, Betsey Heath has. "*Away is the Ranger*," she will inform you, if you listen carefully. And obviously, he is away because there is no crib for his bed. After all, why should the Ranger stick around *here*, when he

*Above all, every word was to be as *clear* as a *bell*. Pam even taught us a little song: "*Whether you whisper soft, or whether you loudly call, distinctly, distinctly speak. Or do not speak at all.*" Whose melody we assimilated rather more quickly than its meaning.

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hasn't even got a crib much less a bed for Pete's sake!

Janet, canny little Janet, all of whose sins are premeditated and blatant, sang exactly what she intended to sing. *"No L, No L the angels did say."* It was a matter of the angels' alphabet, she explained to me a little tiredly. "A B C D E F G H I J K M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. No L, get it, Mother, No L!" I eyed her suspiciously, because more humor in the family we do not need, but I let it pass.

Jennifer settled my next problem, which had to do with the angels. Do you know how the angel of the Lord shone around? He shone around in a glowy manner, that's how. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, she explained, the angel of the Lord came and glowy showed around. How else?

HAVE YOU ever wondered, in the long watches of the night, what Child is this who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping? Well, it is the Child whom angels greet with Ann the Sweet, while shepherds' watches keeping. Well, St. Ann was Mary's mother, certainly sweet and probably dead, argued Alison. Why *wouldn't* she be with the angels? As for the shepherds, what with their setting off for Bethlehem, well-known for its good and bad thieves, keeping their watches was a very friendly gesture on the part of the angels. Ann the Sweet probably thought of it.

Some of them were taking an individual called "Good Heed" to the angels' ward; many of them with the jellied toast proclaiming, though all of them sang the Coventry Carol, twenty of whose 28 words are "Lully, lully," absolutely correctly.

If anyone is interested in the geography of Bethlehem, I can tell you categorically that it lies on seashore, just below the town of Dul. We know it is *below* Dul because the carol states very clearly that Bethlehem is what in Dul you see below (sometimes written *in dulci jubilo*) and we know it is on the sea because among the deep in dreamless sleep the silent stars go by, so that had to be the stars' *reflection*, see Mother? Because they couldn't very well *shine* among the deep, could they, Mother?

This is the kind of thing that happens when your children get B2 in Reasoning Ability and C4 in Independent Reading.

The older children, to give credit where credit is due, made their misinterpretations on a far loftier level. Leaving history and geography to their younger siblings, Pam and Jim simply revised the Christian religion.

Pam, even Pam, kept announcing in her clear, sweet contralto that God and sin are reconciled; but she realized immediately, when it was pointed out to her, that God was far more likely to reconcile Himself to sinners than to sin, even if the book hadn't said so, which it had.

Jim had to argue a little. He was the one who kept urging the shepherds to leave their "you's" and leave their "am's" and rise up, shepherds, and follow.

"What in Heaven's name is this about you's and am's?" I asked him.

"Oh-h-h, rejection of personality, denial of self," said Jim grandly. "Practically the central thesis of Christian theology."

"Of course, *I* don't go to a Catholic college, but *I* think that's Communist theory, not Christian theology," I told him. "In any case, could you come down from those philosophic heights and join us shepherds down here with our ewes (female sheep) and rams (male sheep)."

"If you insist," said Jim, with the impudent grin of the 21-year-old whose dear mother is incontrovertibly in the right, and besides, it's right down there in black and white.

But I was too weary to go on. "Children," I said. "Let's just do one song absolutely *perfectly*. Let's concentrate on 'Silent Night,' because that's the one we know best anyway. Pam and Priscilla can do the alto, John can do the descant, the rest of you sing nice and softly and, Buckley, I don't want to hear one *note* below middle C."

THEY LINED up, looking very clean and handsome and holy, Jim and John at the back, Timothy and Janet on either side of Pam at the piano, and the middle echelon sensibly and unquarrelsomely distributed in the middle according to heights. *Just like the Trapp Family*, I thought to myself happily. Pam turned and gave them all a long and, I hoped, stern look, before she played the opening measures.

"*Silent night, holy night*," nine young voices chanted softly, and I noticed Jennifer and Betsey beginning to break up in twinkles and dimples. *"All is calm, all is bright,"* they went on, John's recorder piping low and clear. Buckley and Alison clapped their hands briefly over their mouths. *"Round John Virgin, Mother and Child,"* the chorus swelled sweetly, and I rapped hard on the piano. "Just *who*," I asked, in my most restrained voice, "is Round John Virgin?"

"One of the twelve opossums," the ten young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano, from the piano bench onto the floor, convulsed by their own delicate wit.

And that's why we didn't have *this* year's Christmas carol program. □

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IN RE REVISIONISM

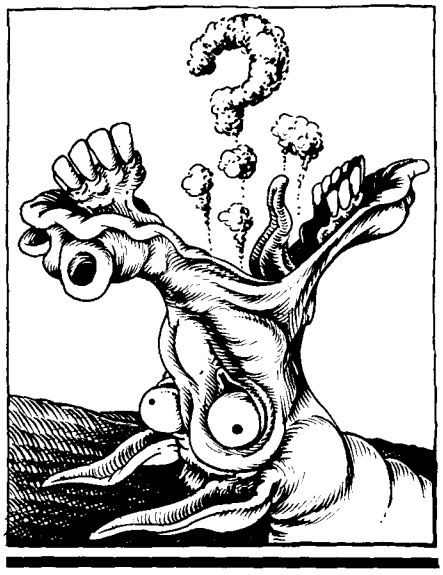
1972: U.S. Bombs the North Vietnamese Dikes.
1951: Germ Warfare in Korea. 1937: Nazi Planes Obliterate Guernica.
What have all these stories in common?
1) They never happened, and 2) they helped the Communists

The Great Guernica Fraud

JEFFREY HART

IF YOU VISIT the Museum of Modern Art in New York, you cannot miss the gigantic Picasso painting *Guernica*, suitably displayed in isolation, so that the visitor can make it an object of contemplation and even reverence. There it is, with its tortured horses and funny lightbulbs and weird distortions—the idea is that we live in a violently distorted time, and that violence is being done to truth and nature, and that the innocent are suffering. Picasso painted *Guernica* in black and white, presumably because into a world so violated no color—no joy, no variety, no humor—could enter. As we will see, there is a tremendous irony here, but it is too awful an irony to disclose at once.

If you visit the Museum of Modern Art on a given afternoon, you may even view the *Guernica* painting with a group of elementary schoolchildren under the benign supervision of their teacher. Standing before the painting, Picasso's "masterpiece," she will patiently tell them the story. Here is the accepted version, and it is a moving one. You can find it told very effectively in Chapter 51 of Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War*, a book of near-official status. "Guernica is a small town," begins Thomas, "lying in a valley ten kilometers from the sea and thirty from Bilbao." There it is, a "small town," like many another. But then, so the story goes, on April 26, 1937, a market day, while the "small farmers" were bringing in their goods, the "church bells" announced an air raid. Wave after wave of German bombers flew over Guernica, blasting it off the map: their reason—an experiment in terror. They wished to test the effect of terror-bombing on a civilian population. The modern era of terror was born: Guernica!



This is the version that has been generally accepted. But in the recent book *Spain: The Vital Years* by Luis Bolín, enough evidence is presented to suggest the conclusion: No, this account of Guernica is a total fabrication. The supposed terror-bombing is a non-event that has made real emotional history.

First of all, Guernica was not just a "small town" but part of the defense system of Bilbao. In its outskirts, there were factories which manufactured ammunition and mortars. It was also an important depot—eight roads converged there; it was a divisional headquarters; and it had a railroad station. During the campaign, it was an important point for the massing of reserves on the way to the front. As it happens, these targets were not in the town proper, and though *they* were repeatedly bombed, the town itself was not.

But what did happen to the houses and streets of Guernica? When the Nationalists entered, the town was in fact totally destroyed. Bolín reprints for the first time the dispatches of the Nationalist field commanders advancing on the town. As historical evidence, they have great weight because 1) they were not intended for publication, but for the information of the area commander; there was thus no motive for falsification but rather the reverse; and, in fact, they have not been published until now; and 2) the originals can be examined. The evidence for the received account does not have this character. It is journalistic and second-hand, and the motive of publication and political effect is substantially present throughout.

Eyewitnesses Report

What do Bolín's documents reveal? First of all, that Guernica, far from being defenseless and militarily unimportant, was sharply defended. The field dispatches report Nationalist killed and wounded, as well as the taking of prisoners. "Our casualties were eight dead and sixty wounded. Eight Basque battalions and two battalions from Santander defended Guernica." Later, it is reported that "in all we have taken about three hundred prisoners and enemy deserters."

On April 29, three days after the supposed terror-bombing of Guernica, the Nationalist troops entered the town. They found that indeed it had been totally destroyed—though, significantly, the historic Guernica Tree, immemorially associated with Basque liberties, together with its surrounding structures, was untouched. This would not be consistent with massive aerial bombing.

Mr. Hart is a professor at Dartmouth, a newspaper columnist, and a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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Well, who destroyed the non-military part of the town? A dispatch, in the field and not intended for publication, and indeed not published until now, dated April 28, includes the sentences: "Our men were eager to enter the town. They already knew that the enemy had evacuated Guernica after criminally destroying it and was blaming our planes for its destruction, *but Guernica itself is free of bomb craters* [italics added]." Of course, a dispatch like this might have been concocted by a propagandist, but, as we will see, the character of the destruction in Guernica, as reported by eyewitnesses, bears out the italicized portion of the dispatch.

Another field report, from the Nationalist Army of the North, supports the dispatch already cited. "Basque fugitives who had entered our lines were terrified by the tragedies enacted in such towns as Guernica, deliberately burnt and destroyed by the Reds while we were not more than ten miles away. . . . Our planes during the last few days were unable to fly owing to persistent fog and drizzle."

The Evidence

There are thus two contentions. From the Left, that the Germans terror-bombed Guernica; and from the Nationalists, that the defenders deliberately destroyed it. How is the historian to judge? Evidently, by the actual character of the damage. Bombs dropped produce effects different from dynamiting and arson. "The correspondents of the Havas agency, the *Times*, and of several other newspapers have affirmed positively that most of the damage they saw was not wrought by bombing, but by deliberate destruction caused by fires set from the ground. . . . There were only a few bomb holes, and the walls of the houses in the quarter most completely destroyed bear no marks of bomb splinters." Other testimony about the particular character of the destruction: "A rain of bombs might, in loose journalistic parlance, 'destroy' a whole street in a town, but it would not destroy it *in that way*. At Guernica . . . *there is hardly a mark in the streets*. A rain of bombs would fall as often in the streets and gardens as on the houses, and must leave traces which could not possibly be obliterated. The roadway would be destroyed, the flowers would be withered." The character of the damage was thus inconsistent with bombing, but consistent with dynamiting of the houses.

But is there other evidence, weighing against one account or the other? Yes, of several kinds. First, had the retreating forces of the Left destroyed *other* towns? The answer seems to be yes. The town of Eibar, also in the Bilbao struggle, was burned. Yet no claim was made that Eibar was subjected to terror-bombing until after the success of the publicity campaign about Guernica; then the word went out that "eyewitnesses report that the damage at Eibar is of precisely the same kind as that at Guernica." As, indeed, it was.

There is a second consideration, the argument from interests: *Cui bono*—whom did the destruction of Guernica benefit? On April 26, 1937, there was no military doubt whatsoever that the Nationalist troops would enter the town, and, for that matter, that they would overrun the region. An advance had taken place on all fronts, and nothing could prevent the capture of the town. As Luis Bolín says, the Nationalists had nothing to gain by destroying it. The other side did. If the Left could gain acceptance for its story of the terror-bombing, the consequent stir would distract attention from the imminent fall of Bilbao and the collapse of the government cause in the north.

One more point. To destroy a town like Guernica completely, as it was destroyed, thousands of bombs would be required. Neither side in the Civil War could afford that sort of expenditure. As far as aerial bombing was concerned, both sides were operating on a shoestring. "Apart altogether from the question of expediency, such destruction would mean using a month's supply of ammunition for General Franco's entire army, and denuding all fronts of air protection to indulge in an orgy of lunatic folly." But if neither side could afford to waste aerial bombs in this way, dynamite and gasoline were cheap.

The Real Masterpiece

I have had the space here to present only the outlines of the argument, though, for those with a taste for close examination of historical evidence, I would recommend a comparison between Hugh Thomas' evidence paragraph (pp. 537-539 *The Spanish Civil War*), which is very flimsy, and Luis Bolín's alternative version in *Spain: The Vital Years* (pp. 274-282).

Yet, if, as Bolín says, the German terror-bombing of Guernica is a myth, how is it that the myth prevailed over the truth? Arthur Koestler, who worked for the Comintern propaganda apparatus, observes that the truth is usually on the defensive before the imaginative lie. Invention is *free*, while history is limited by facts. The brilliant lie can be more vivid and appealing than facts: It can fill a need which they often can't. Such lies are the "unreality" which is more real emotionally than the "reality."

But whose brilliant stroke might it have been, to distract attention from the collapse of the Left around Bilbao by launching an international propaganda campaign about Guernica? This does not seem to be the sort of thing that would occur to the hard-pressed Basque President Aguirre, or to his retreating commanders. Here we perhaps cannot know the truth, but I think we can make a pretty good guess. Bolín records the report that very large sums were spent in Paris to launch the Guernica myth, and Paris, indeed, seems to have been the center from which the whole effort was coordinated: "The Republicans were countering the Nationalist offensive against Bilbao with a propaganda offensive of their own; at this time it was concentrated on the famous Guernica incident. It was very cleverly handled, and a great deal of money was spent on it abroad; Botteau [the correspondent of the Havas agency cover-

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Pablo Picasso, *Guernica*, 1937. The Museum of Modern Art, New York (on indefinite loan from the artist).

ing the Nationalists] was told by his head office that the Republicans spent about £600,000 in Paris on propaganda about Guernica alone."

The sum seems exaggerated,[1] but I think we should put this grain of information beside the knowledge that the worldwide Communist propaganda effort had been directed from Paris since 1933 by the shadowy genius Willi Muenzenberg. "The Propaganda Department of the Western European section of the Comintern," writes Hugh Thomas, "under its brilliant German Communist chief Willi Muenzenberg, was ferociously active from its headquarters in Paris in linking the cause of the Spanish Republic with the general anti-Fascist crusade." For further information about Muenzenberg, we may turn to Arthur Koestler's autobiography *The Invisible Writing*. "Willi," writes Koestler, "was the grey eminence and invisible organizer of the anti-Fascist world crusade." In the famous *Brown Book of the Hitler Terror*, Muenzenberg combined a few scraps of information with a powerful imagination to produce the most effective political pamphlet since Paine's *Common Sense*. He brought forth congresses, rallies and committees, like rabbits from a hat, and he was adept at using well-known artists as dupes. His earlier Amsterdam Peace Rally against War and Fascism had much in common with the Guernica propaganda campaign. In it, the novelist Henri Barbusse played the role of Picasso. "In his capacity as head of the Comintern's West European AGITPROP Department," writes Koestler, "Willi was now in charge of the propaganda campaign in favor of the Spanish Loyalists."[2]

In Hugh Thomas' chapter on the bombing of Guernica, there is only one paragraph of actual "evidence" to support the theory that the bombing really occurred. This evidence, closely considered, often exhibits what I would call the genuine Muenzenberg touch, recognizable to those who really appreciate Muenzenberg's art. Consider, for example, this sentence. The bombing, says Thomas, was "vouched for by the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, Reuters, *Star*, *Ce Soir*, and *Daily Express* correspondents, who visited the scene *that night* and who *picked up bomb fragments made in Germany* [italics added]." An ordinary, run-of-the-mill propagandist, fabricating the bombing, would certainly ship in those correspondents "that night"—after the "raid." But those bomb fragments they "picked up"—these strike me as pure Muenzenberg. Much of the other evidence is of the same character. A number of Basque priests "including the Vicar General of the diocese, wrote to the Pope giving [the Republican] version of what happened." Turning to Bolín, one senses again the presence of Muenzenberg: The priest in question, in turns out, was *not* the Vicar General of Valladolid. "Nor is the case for his veracity improved by the discovery that he is the author of another account of the bombardment appearing under another signature, and confirming that which appeared under his own name." When the "letter" was delivered, the then Cardinal Pacelli gave it short shrift.

Not surprisingly, Picasso, commissioned—in Paris—to paint a mural for the Spanish government's building at the World's Fair in Paris, chose Guernica as his theme. It is generally thought to be his masterpiece. Yet it may be that Picasso was not the only great artist, or even the greatest one, connected with the mythologization of Guernica. He painted the picture; but Muenzenberg invented the episode out of the whole cloth. □

1. However, see Arthur Koestler, *The Invisible Writing* (1954), p. 328: "Otto [Katz, a Communist] was at that time the unofficial chief of the Spanish government's propaganda campaign in Western Europe, and had large funds, partly of Spanish, partly of Comintern origin, at his disposal. These funds played a considerable part in securing the sympathy of influential French journalists, and of entire newspapers for the Loyalist cause."

2. In *The Invisible Writing*, Koestler provides a number of descriptions of Muenzenberg at work in Paris. These are relevant to my argument here. Consider: "He would burst into my flat. . . . He would pick up a few sheets of the typescript, scan through them and shout at me: 'Too weak. Too objective. Hit them! Hit them hard! Tell the world how they run over their prisoners with tanks, how they pour petrol over them and burn them alive. Make the world gasp with horror. Hammer it into their heads. Make them wake up. . . .' He was hammering on the table with his fists" (p. 333). Or this: Willi "handed me a cutting from the Nazi paper *Berliner Nachtausgabe*, dated Madrid, November 4, which ran, '. . . the Red militia issues vouchers to the value of one peseta. Each voucher is good for one rape. The widow of a high official was found dead in her flat. By her bedside lay sixty-four of these vouchers . . .' 'That, Arturo, is *propaganda*,' said Willi" (p. 334).

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APOLLO FAREWELL

Highlights and Sidelights

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

CAPE KENNEDY—I found myself asking Tom Wolfe, whom I had just met, whether the radical-chic crowd has ever forgiven him for "Radical Chic." He told me an amusing story about Leonard Bernstein, and offered me a peanut. It was a warm, almost too warm, night. We, and ten thousand others, stood in a tremendous roped-off area by the huge rectangular VAB (Vehicle Assembly Building) at Cape Kennedy. Across the flats, three miles away, bathed in floodlight was a sight seen a dozen times on the television screen, but never, before tonight, really *seen*: the orange gantry, ten stories high, an Erector set to end them all, and beside it, but not of it, shiny, white, poised arrowlike, the Saturn V rocket that would minutes from now send Apollo XVII on the last of America's manned missions to the moon.

We had piled out of our VIP buses two hours before and taken our places on the open stands. We had clapped politely while the names of the celebrities attending were read off, clapped more heartily when George Wallace was wheeled in. It was after all a night for brave men, not politics. We had listened as Apollo Launch Control gave the countdown, our eyes straying here and there but returning always to the focal point of light down the line: the gantry, the Saturn, the vapors that formed a cloud across the bottom third of it as the final checks were made. The count: T minus one minute, minus 33, 32, 31, 30—30 and holding. Thirty seconds to blastoff, *and holding*. How could the men in the spacecraft bear this delay?

Unlike Walter Cronkite, Apollo Launch Control does not have to keep talking. Its communications with us are few and brief, and we will end the evening knowing less about what went on than the millions who watched on television. It's a hold, we are told, the technicians are trying to find out what happened. It will be at least another twenty minutes. The crowd, so silent a moment ago, is restless. The floodlights that had been switched off at T minus three are back on. We wander around, seeking information, clustering around the officials with NASA identification badges. I run into a young New York newspaper publisher I hadn't seen since we met on a trip in South Africa six years before. We are immensely pleased to see each other. I run into Joe (Marion) Smoak, a friend of twenty years or more, who is now Acting Chief of Protocol; he's looking harassed, as who wouldn't with 150 tired VIPs to look after. There are two tiny Red Chinese correspondents, making the first stop on a tour of the country the AP is giving them. One wonders what they think of it.

And the time passes. It's been a long day. For my brother Jim and me it started at 6:30 A.M. in New York with one flight scrubbed (equipment), a shuttle canceled (weather). Our group reached a hot Cape Kennedy—it was 84 degrees—an hour behind schedule and got a speedier trip through the Space Center than we would have liked. We did see sections of Skylab, which is where America is going next in space, being assembled in the VAB, a building so immense it can be seen but not really grasped. NASA served cocktails and dinner at a local country club (as we entered, one handprinted sign read: "NASA congressmen, right," another "NASA educators, left").

Astronaut Tom Stafford (two Gemini flights, Apollo X) is introduced. It's Brigadier General Stafford now, but tonight he's a one-star general with very bad laryngitis. He tries gamely to keep up the conversation, but it's hard work over the cocktail-hour uproar. He tells me that Gene Cernan, the commander of XVII, was on his Apollo X crew and that he's a good man. We catch glimmerings of stories about the program. There was one astronaut, we are told—could it have been Carpenter?—who was too cool. The Space Program wanted men who were cool but Carpenter, if it was Carpenter, was so cool that he had his bosses worried. . . . There was the story of Apollo XVI, when King Hussein backed his plane into, and disabled, one of the VIP airliners. The NASA official left in charge of the hundred and more stranded guests tells me he phoned the Cocoa Beach Club and had them lay on drinks and lunch for the crowd. But the drinks arrived before the food—it was blisteringly hot—and most of the guests ended up swimming in their clothes. A bunch of the men gave him the bum's rush into the water and he lost his glasses, his keys, his wallet, his driver's license. . . . It's 2 A.M., the next morning, he tells me. He's driving the last five people home in Georgetown, and he runs a light; a cop pulls him over and asks for his license. "Well, officer, you see it's in the Atlantic Ocean off Cocoa Beach, but it was only because King Hussein backed his plane into . . ." When it's over the policeman shakes his head, goes back to the prowl car, calls over his buddy: "Jack, you've just got to hear this one."

The dinner is called to order. We are given our instructions: what buses to get into, what stands to enter when we arrive at the launch site, where we will find the buses after blastoff. General Stafford is introduced and says a very few words over the loudspeaker. He calls on Chairman Miller.

WE'VE BEEN hearing quite a lot about Chairman Miller tonight. He's congressman George Miller of California, Chairman of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, a good and true friend of NASA over the years. Tonight is George Miller's last hurrah. He's in his eighties, a fine-looking, white haired gentleman in a brown suit, only slightly stooped. He ran once too often and won't be returning to Congress next month. It's too bad, everyone says. It would have been better if he had stepped down.

He picks up the loudspeaker and it rattles and hums, it screeches, whistles, becomes an echo box. We can send men to the moon, but as for our public-address systems . . . He gives up

Miss Buckley is Managing Editor of NR *and an authority on inner space having floated the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon last summer.*

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and speaks to the twenty or thirty people close enough to hear him. It's a short, moving address: "Let us invoke God's blessing on the three brave men who will, within the hour, blast off into the firmament," he ends.

The hour George Miller spoke of passed a couple of hours back. Blastoff was to have been at 9:53 P.M. It is now after midnight, but the count starts again. We climb back into the stands. At T minus three minutes the floodlights in our area are turned off. The count continues. This time it's T minus 30, *and counting*. Four, three, two, one, and—we have a liftoff.

The sky, dark a moment before, is light, light as far as the eye can see east west north and south, so light it's blue again, the blue of mid-to-late afternoon. For an instant the clouds that had been grey against the dark, stand out dark against the light, like the pieces of felt children use to make clouds on felt pictures. The clouds turn purple, then pink. The gantry, Saturn, Apollo, everything is a burst of bright orange flame, a flame ten stories high. So slowly that it seems not to move at all, the tongue of flame edges off the ground, not straight up but listing a fraction to the right. And the loudspeaker is telling us that it's a success, all systems go. Our eyes, our emotions are engaged, but we've heard nothing yet. Then it hits us, engulfs us, deafens us, wave upon wave of thunder louder than any thunder ever heard. *Götterdämmerung*. The earth shakes. The stands shake. We shake. The noise of the blast, delayed for the eighteen seconds it took to travel the three miles between the launch pad and the stands, stuns us. But the earth isn't shaking, the stands aren't shaking, we're told later: The low frequency of the blast has set up a resonance in our own chest cavities; it is only we and our internal organs that are shaking. I don't know, I really don't know. That earth seemed to be shaking to me.

The orange needle of flame in the still-light sky arches upward and away, piercing the night-become-day, bending away from us. There's a splash of intense light as the first stage is jettisoned into the sea. What we see is a cocoon of flame, not the rocket itself, a flame, bead-bright orange at first, then turning yellow. The sky is darkening again. The yellow becomes blue, blue and yellow mixed, a final point of green, the twinkling of a star, and it's gone. It's eighty miles downrange, Launch Control tells us, with all systems go. Loudly, in the background, interrupting Launch Control, we hear a voice. It's Flight Commander Cernan. He's excited, jubilant, not Carpenter-cool. He and his crew, Evans and Schmitt, two and a half agonizing hours late, are finally on their way, in the words of Chairman Miller "into the firmament."

FOR APOLLO, god not only of the sun but of the moon as well today, this blazing exit in the early moments of Pearl Harbor Day is a fitting farewell. □

A Thoughtful Christmas List

Let's start with George McGovern, who,
Because he carried Boston U
(And little else), is in the dumps;
I give him Bella grinding bumps.

His running-mate, the cheerful Sarge
(And, likewise, losing rather large),
Needs something sweet to cut the crow:
A big wet kiss from Jackie O.

To Muskie, who began to lag
Because he got a crying jag,
I give an antique rolltop desk
So he can look more Lincolnesque.

What shall I give to Hubert? He
Alone, with almost no TV,
Exposed McGovern's welfare gaffe . . .
I'll send him Bryan's photograph.

To Jersey's leftist, Clifford Case,
Whom no one's able to erase;
Who wet to port side in his *crib*—
Life membership in Women's Lib.

For Kissinger, who learned to tick
By copying Count Metternich,
A gift appropriately bold:
He as a *Playboy* centerfold.

George Romney, who agreed to quit
(George never really learned to fit),
Deserves an integrated joint
Smack in the center of Grosse Pointe.

The Nixons end my Christmas list.
For her, some toilet water mist.
For him (Dear God, please make it work!),
A lovely set of Edmund Burke.

W. H. VON DREELE

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BURSTEIN v. STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

Left Lib, Right Lib

PHILIP J. DAVIS

THE EVENTS to be recorded here occurred with such surprising rapidity that documentation is incomplete or missing in numerous instances and the exact chronological order is not always certain.

In the February issue of the *Journal of Abnormal Modalities* an article appeared under the name of Joel T. Efshir which pointed out that the propensity of a nation to drive on the right-hand side of the road or on the left-hand side of the road was not determined by physiology or genetics but was purely a conventional matter the origins of which were to be sought in local custom and historical process. This document became central to the controversy which subsequently erupted. It remained unnoticed for several weeks.

In the March 16 issue of the *Civil Liberties Clarion*, under "Other Activities," reference was made to Efshir's article and it was stated that the Steering Committee was contemplating instituting a suit to test the constitutionality of the "drive on the right" law. It was claimed that this law violated the "equal protection" clause. "Why," the writer asked with some trenchancy, "should 'right' be accorded special treatment?"

In the "Letters to the Editor" department of this same throwaway, dated a week later (March 23) a reader from Spokane, Washington wrote to point out that only in twelve states was "right" clearly distinguished from "left" as far as the laws were concerned. In 21 states, including most of the thirteen original states, the law referred to the "right side of the road" as opposed to the "wrong side of the road." In fourteen states the sense of the word "right" was totally ambiguous. In the remaining states, the law apparently permits driving on either side of the road as local custom and conditions warrant. The letter was signed PORTIA.

On the same day, the *New York Times Magazine* carried a longish article by Nobel Laureate Evelyn McIlhenny which laid the basis for a position opposed to that contained in Efshir. McIlhenny stated categorically that "handism" in a large measure determines the side of the road driven upon. The bulk of the population is right-handed, hence the right side of the road is used. McIlhenny admitted that handism itself is forced on people at an early age—in numerous instances contrary to the innate propensities of the infant—and that right handism as the predominant side is largely conventional. McIlhenny further claimed that left-handed individuals experience a considerable measure of unconscious and subliminal nausea having to drive on the right, and that a certain fraction of auto accidents can be attributed to this. Not unrelated, claimed this distinguished physiologist, was the Dissolution of the British Empire, which occurred one generation after the auto became widespread. "If the British had driven on the right side of the road instead of the left, M. K. Gandhi would have remained a solicitor in South Africa." By way of emphasizing his point and the dangers that lurk in the razor's edge between conventionism and "adherent tendencies," Professor McIlhenny referred tangentially to the fact that he is the only male Nobel Prize winner with a woman's first name.

On June 8, a suit was entered in the district court of Kings County, New York by one Burstein, claiming that he is a natural lefty and that his "adherent tendencies" are disadvantaged by the present road system. The Civil Liberties organization filed a brief, amicus curiae. Judge Horace Fogarty found for the defendant in the case *Burstein* v. *State Highway Commission*.

On the evening of June 9, Burstein appeared on the *Johnny Carson Show*. He claimed that he was a spokesman for an organization called "Left Lib." "The matter is not a trivial one," Burstein said. "The left-handed people in this country have suffered from subliminal nausea for too long."

On June 12, Left Lib filed a suit in the U.S. Supreme Court. The Supreme Court agreed to hear the case in October.

On June 17, a man called up the 10 o'clock talk show on radio station WEVD and, cloaking himself in historical perspective, pointed out that several hundred years ago a rather nasty war had been fought by the Kingdoms of Lilliput and Blefescu over the question of which end of a soft-boiled egg should be cracked: the wide end or the narrow end. The man (not identified) made a plea for calm, and wisely noted that nominal or conventional positions should be treated nominally and conventionally. "In tossing a coin," he observed, "why is it in nine cases out of ten, nay [sic] in 99 cases out of a hundred, heads wins? Can't tails win once in a while?"

On June 19, an editorial in the *Village Voice* referred to this remark and informed its readers that the historical incident alluded to was fiction, being the brainchild of that "Ulsteroid Fascist" Jonathan Smith, Bishop of Limerick.

ON JULY 4, Independence Day, about four hundred members of Left Lib marched on the Grand Central Parkway in Queens with the intent of diverting all lanes of traffic into the leftmost lane (going east). Another march announced for July 18 on the westbound lanes was rained out.

Thereafter, things remained quiet through the summer months in anticipation of the Supreme Court decision.

The decision was announced on October 24. This decision, now known familiarly as *Burstein*, laid down the fundamental principle of partitioning: Half of the roads were to be driven on the right, half on the left. Eight of the nine justices disqualified themselves as having prior prejudices in favor of the right-handed system. The majority decision was written by Associate Justice Robert A. "Bob" Treadwater who was a nationally known switch-hitting slugger in college baseball (Lehigh).

In further clarifying decisions given out on October 31 and November 7, the Supreme Court ordered that to prevent confusion, areas of "right" and areas of "left" were to be established. Each state was to have both types. The

(Continues on page 45)

Mr. Davis teaches Applied Mathematics at Brown University.

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Christmas Greetings...

. . . from the Dismal Science

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

A LADY from the Midwest has asked me why economics is called the dismal science. (Why must it always be a *lady* from the Midwest? Are there no *gentlemen* in the Midwest? Are we in some obscure way holding the ladies up to public ridicule? Who, after all, married Aunt Jane from Dubuque if it wasn't a gentleman from the Midwest? What strange sort of birds are they out there, anyway? *Has the Audubon Society been notified?*)

Why, she asked, is economics called the dismal science? (The "she" in this case may be taken generically, or with a pinch of salt, whichever feels best on the tailfeathers.) Economics is called the dismal science because it was invented by a Protestant clergyman. Fair enough, sweetie?

A gentleman from a small hamlet on the edge of the Great Dismal Swamp—a retirement community of impoverished real-estate promoters—just south of Norfolk, Virginia (where the mortal remains of General Douglas MacArthur rest, as Churchill said of the same portions of John Duke of Marlborough and his frenzied wife, "in victorious peace"—this is becoming rather complex so let's begin again. A gentleman from Virginia, who describes himself as a resident of the Great Dismal Swamp, writes in to ask whether economics has been named after his local geographical feature. The answer to that is definitely no. (And isn't it just like a Virginian to think that everything in the world is somehow caused by, or flavored with, or owing to, or downright proud to be associated with, the Old Dominion? Look at John Randolph of Roanoke! But we must be tolerant.) The answer, sir, is no. The Dismal Swamp was named after the Dismal Science, since both were discovered by Protestant clergymen.

A psychiatrist who says he has no economic problems writes in to inquire whether there is any psychological connection between economics and a general human predisposition to be unhappy. The answer to this is easy. But first I would like to know more about this psychiatrist who says he has no economic problems. Did he have a happy childhood, I fondly wonder. How about SEX? Does he have recurring dreams? Does he have recurring periods of consciousness? Does he have an obsessive desire to wash his monopoly? Does he have a tax attorney? How about SEX? If he saw a pigeon engaging in shameless promiscuity during the hours of business (thereafter by appointment only, unless the answering service provides servicing answers), would he, of his own volition, contrive to notify the Audubon Society? Next week (for $40) we shall discuss this further. I'm afraid we can't come to any definite conclusions at this time, doctor. Clearly you have suffered, in your life; but these are things we can learn to deal with. Next week, then?

We are lacking a close-parenthesis in the third paragraph, above. Here it is:). And now back to our show:

[Hah! Chris Simonds! Priscilla! Betcha I gotcha on that one!]

A professor of economics at Harvard has had a literate friend of his write to me to ask why this is that the economic is nomenclatted the bdismal scientia. For why, I reply, in the world it is made up of varietous vegetables, all sorts fruits flowers, marvel gentleman and ladies, sunspots, grande nationale produce, all first named by Protestant clergyman, please forgive brevity.

This same professor at Harvard has written to me a second time, using a slightly altered amanuensis, to inquire whether sunspots are (is?) part of the economic. To which we reply, yes, and no. Sunspots is part of the economic *pari passu* they create natural conditiouns (Middle English—from time before beginning of Protestant clergy), isn't part of it but how so far they can be traded, tendered to government in payment of imposts outrageous and confiscatory, or treated in catallactic way.

My mother has written to me to ask me to stop doing this. It is not dignified, I know, nor educational, nor does it have redeeming social value, but I cannot help myself. Economics, when it is practiced between consenting adults and when it does no damage to innocent bystanders, is probably no more deleterious than badminton. Some say it is positively an improvement on badminton. Others say the opposite. I choose to stand aside from such vicious battles and proceed with the slow, nay, the endless, but the infinitely attractive work of scholarship.

Same Harvard professor as before has called me on telephone, very much out of breath, to inquire: What is (are?) catallactics? I reply: catallactics be science of exchanges. Once upon a time, in a kingdom over the sea, there lived a man who believed in his heart of hearts that 1) the blonde up the street had her eye on him, and 2) economics is the science of exchanges. I forget her name, and his; but here's how the story worked out. He was wrong about 1) and 2), and lived happily ever after, having exchanged 1) for the nifty brunette who lived under the bridge at Avignon (I have discussed, elsewhere, the common misconception concerning the spatial relations in the French nursery tune), and 2) for ignominy.

Junior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW sends telegram to inquire why I mentioned the great General Douglas MacArthur, above, third paragraph, in connection with real-estate promoters. This is a simple question. Military business is real-estate business sans the willingness of the exchanges effected. All war is conducted in order to trade real estate. Rickenbacker's Nineteenth Corollary (derived from Third Corollary Thrombosis) proclaims: Real Estate Is The Cause of War. Peace that passeth understanding is just around the korner, kids, if we can just abolish real estate. Get *US* out of real estate! Junior editor: hang head in shame. Haven't they told you stories about the old days down there? Haven't you got the word? *Never* ask Rickenbacker *anything*!

President of United States has written to ask: What is Keynesian? I reply unprintable. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Tupperware Game

The girls are greedy for plastic. They'll stoop to anything. Eight sit in my living room now, miniskirts and pantsuits taken in with wooden clothespins. Mrs. D blows it: she crosses her ankles. Foul. Mrs. G pounces up/along the Early American sofa. She unpinches a clothespin from Mrs. D's lapel: a strange boutonniere. Mrs. D slaps her shins, punishing them. Mrs. G has eleven clothespins now: she clacks when she moves—odds on favorite for the plastic prize. Mustn't cross your ankles. Hard thing to do: the body seems to want it. Homo Neanderthalus crossed his ankles eating mastodon goulash. A fetus waits cross-ankled in the womb. The girls sit, middle-class, middle-aged, legs apart . . . wary.

You can understand their avarice: Tupperware is beautiful. I appreciate it. I review it as art. Cylinder and rectangle and geodesic dome: Tupperware comes poly-polygonal. The display table (my hifi) enchants. An Olympic city glimpsed from the Goodyear Blimp; Taliesin West and East and North. They please the hands; glossy, tough, bounceable. Tupperware's patented seal is hermetic (word derived from Hermes Trismegistus: "magical, alchemical"). Tops have a Buddha's umbilicus. Plump it with your finger, "wink" the edge and it belches out airtightness. Things are . . . packaged. Last Sunday's shoddy carcass turns into a neat triangle. The lettuce is a brain inside its own hard cranium, yet easy to trepan. Lazy Susans become animate. Square plastic pegs; round plastic holes. Leftovers are refurbished. They fit. I want to be buried in Tupperware: let the worms eat their hearts out. Gabriel blows his last trump and I pop my lid. Voila!—uncorrupted as the Lady of Lourdes. Tupperware is American, goddammit. It works.

The girls line up, still broken out in clothespins. Another game for plastic. Drop a teaspoon into the décolletage. Jiggle it out below. A burly young woman demurs. She can't play. There's no—ah, leeway. She is persuaded. Team A jumps, shakes, frugs into the lead. Team B is momentarily cut off at the fork of a pantsuit. But the burly young woman is anchoring Team A. She leaps, wriggles. Shrugs. The spoon is, well . . . gone. She retires to the bedroom. The four members of Team B win each a Tupperware Iced Tea Spoon: a mini-backscratcher without fingers. The burly young woman returns. Spoon still not accounted for. In the pantyhose somewhere. One of two cul de sacs, she's not sure which. She'll mail it back. Took her an hour to get dressed, she can't unharness again at such short notice. She sits carefully.

A too willing suspension of dignity? After all, these are grown women, mothers. Alcohol, you suspect. But not so—the common Tupperware party drink is coffee. Mr. Frank Siriani, a regional distributor, says: "We don't like alcohol. It takes the mind off buying." Tupperware is sold only on the party plan: a concept subtle as Freud's couch. There are perhaps three hundred Tupperware ladies in my small county alone. An infestation. Our dealer, Mrs. Ebel, is glib and happy. Nice. The ludicrous games don't faze her: I think she could be a recreation director at Auschwitz. And she prospers. She wears campaign ribbons of the plastic war—bronze through gold—she's sold as much as $600 worth in a week. She has earned a Ford Gran Torino station wagon for her personal business use. And she has never—repeat, never—encountered anyone who has refused to buy at least some Tupperware items. There are cunning pressures. The hostess, a close neighbor usually, is throwing the party. She scores gift points according to the sales total. Buying becomes an act of loyalty. Sales resistance is uncouth, a betrayal.

(Anyway we are a society of Chinese box makers. In my cement factory, the can costs half again as much as the cement. My wife has saved the Christmas wrapping of a lifetime. Our gifts are often receptacles for other gifts. Good packages, they say, come around small things. Tupperware, I think, appeals to this instinct.)

The girls are drawing their husbands. Off the tops of their heads: literally. Sketching paper covers the skull; they look like eight expediently coiffed Protestant tourists waiting to enter St. Peter's, Rome. Mrs. Ebel calls out a feature: leg, nose, navel. Pencils poke through to scalps. Best likeness gets the plastic. There are rude remarks. One husband has prehensile ears. Another has a trick knee: it's on his arm. The girls are inured to silliness: they've passed thimbles on the ends of straws and apples from throat to throat, like General de Gaulle kissing a Legion of Honor winner. In a few minutes Mrs. Ebel will demonstrate Tupperware. After the games it will seem a relief. Which may just be the point.

Tupperware is a registered trademark. Mr. Tupper probably doesn't exist. Nor, I think, is the name derived from Shakespeare's *Othello*—*viz*: "Iago . . . an old black ram is tupping your white ewe." (That would make Tupperware, uh . . . a family planning device.) The parent firm, Dart Industries, is based in Orlando, Florida, but there are manufacturing plants throughout the world:

Nika Hazelton *has discovered a new hangover cure: Take three tablespoons of honey; wait a half-hour; take three more and then munch on an apple or a pear. 'Twas developed, she says, by Rumanian scientists. . . .* **David Brudnoy**'*s anthology,* The Conservative Alternative, *will be published in February.*

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Australia, Japan, Belgium, Spain—none, I suspect, behind the Plastic Curtain. It's hard to imagine, say, a Japanese Tupperware party, yet they must occur. Spoons, I guess, drop comfortably through a kimono, even when worn by Fat Japs. And there are no economic barriers. Though I was surprised at first, Mr. Siriani assured me that Tupperware parties are common in the ghetto. The patented seal confounds cockroaches. And the normal ghetto diet consists of hard to preserve items: flour, cornmeal, cereals. Tupperware is sturdy, though not unbreakable (and a fierce dishwasher can reduce your Convenience Canister to a Dali timepiece). But objects broken in ordinary use are replaced by the manufacturer. Even women bullied by friendship into buying yet another set of Refrigerator Bowls admit freely—these things are useful.

Tupperware has provided another service. The eight girls are not all well known to each other: some are friends of friends. When the sales are scored up, the ankles finally crossed, they will talk over coffee. Plastic aside, something may perhaps be knitted onto the long fabric of human relationships. There are, remember, three hundred such partymakers in my county alone. It is not the smallest benefit of free enterprise. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Announcing and Remembering

THE FOURTH ANNUAL
DELECTATIONS CONTEST

It's here, folks, to keep you busy over the holidays. As usual, your incorruptible judges will be B, B, S and H, and they will award three surprise prizes, plus one surprise booby prize. This is what you do: Take three contemporary or historical figures. Quote the title of the work each one of these figures would have produced if he/she were a) a moviemaker; b) a writer or poet; c) a songwriter. Here's one example, but remember, you've got to have *three* people:

Nika Hazelton:
movie *Roma*
writing "Delectations"
song "Swiss Yodler"

And, *no* mention of NATIONAL REVIEW personnel, please! Any such will disqualify the competitor. All entries must be postmarked by January 31, 1973.

A CHILD'S
GERMAN CHRISTMAS

My father was a German, from East Prussia, and though he lived in Rome and had an Italian wife, we always celebrated Christmas as he had done as a child, in that faraway land which exists no longer. It all began the first Sunday of Advent, when a wreath was hung in the dining room over the table. It bore four candles for the four Sundays before Christmas. One candle was lit each Sunday, and by Christmas Day all four were ablaze. I was also given an Advent calendar, on which the 24 days to Christmas are marked by colorful little pictures, each closed with a paper flap. Every day, I tore off one of the flaps to disclose the picture underneath. The last, on Christmas Eve, was the grandest one, a Christmas tree in all its glory.

Toward the middle of the month, my mother began decorating the house and baking dozens and dozens of luscious Christmas cookies. She wove armfuls of firs into great swags that went over the doors; behind each picture were other greens, and great bunches of greens stood in tall vases throughout the house.

The *Christkind*, Baby Jesus, brings the gifts to most German children, though there is also *Weihnachtsmann*, a Santa, who comes to some families, but never came to ours. On St. Nicholas Day, December 6, I wrote my letter to the *Christkind*, saying what I wanted for Christmas. I put it under my pillow, and in the morning it was gone. The *Christkind* had also left silver lametta "angel's hair" on the greens in the house which was wildly exciting to a child—Christmas was becoming real. Throughout the house wafted the smell of cinnamon and spices baking, and when I had been good, I was allowed to come into the kitchen to help crack nuts and cut glacé peel into little pieces, and, joy of joys, to lick the bowls. Also, during the middle of December, the door of the parlor was tightly locked. No one was allowed in, because the *Christkind* needed a place to rest as he went about: It was impossible to find out what went on inside; I never saw a parcel being taken into the room nor the Christmas tree go in.

A German (and also a Swiss and Scandinavian) Christmas takes place on Christmas Eve. At noon of Christmas Eve I put on my best dress. My father took me out to look at the crêches in the Roman churches, big, lovely baroque extravaganzas. Then, as it got dark, he took me to the German Protestant Church for a candlelight service to sing the carols of the Middle Ages: the rose that blossomed in the winter's night, and the babe rocked by Mary. Then home to a darkened house, where I was told to wait in the dining room until the little silver bell, kept for this purpose only, rang three times. I can still feel my heart in my mouth as I sat waiting for the bell to ring. And then it rang, and the doors of the parlor burst open, and there was the tall tree ablaze with candles.

Our presents were not piled under the Christmas tree, nor were they wrapped. They were set in individual heaps on little tables, or on the sofa or piano. Part of each heap was the "*Bunte Teller*," a brightly colored dish laden with apples and raisins and comfits and cookies and candies. But we did not rush to our presents as we came into the room. First, by candlelight, my father read the Christmas Gospel. Then we sang "Silent Night" and "O Tannenbaum." Next we all embraced each other wishing a Merry Christmas. And then, we went to the presents.

LATER ON there was a simple supper, and then Midnight Mass. The great thing about Christmas Eve supper and the big noontime dinner on Christmas Day was that I was allowed to get up from the table whenever I wanted, to play with my new toys. Getting up from the table during a meal any other day was a heinous offense. We used to have roast goose for Christmas dinner, because that was what my father had as a child. But there was no set meal, like a turkey dinner, and to this day, for Christmas the Germans eat what they like best and think the most festive—goose, venison, wild boar, chicken, roast veal. But there must be "*Haus-*

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gebackenes," something baked at home, for without it, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas, even here in New York.

'S' COOKIES

1/3 cup butter (*must* be butter)
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon mace
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/4 teaspoon baking powder
colored sprinkles or chopped nuts

Cream the butter until soft. Gradually beat in the sugar; beat until fluffy. Beat in the whole egg and one of the egg yolks, beating well after each addition. Stir in the mace. Sift the flour with the baking powder. Beat in the flour mixture, a little at a time. Knead the dough with your hands until smooth. Form into a ball, wrap in waxed paper and chill for 1 to 2 hours. Turn on the oven to 350 degrees. With your hands, roll out little pieces of the dough into three-inch pencil-thick little sticks. Form into S-shapes or the shapes of any other letters. Put on greased and floured cookie sheet and let stand at room temperature for an hour. Beat the remaining egg yolk with one tablespoon of water. Brush the cookies with a pastry brush dipped into the egg mixture. Sprinkle with the sprinkles or the chopped nuts. Bake for about 12 to 15 minutes or until the cookies are just beginning to turn golden brown. (About forty cookies.) □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Ups and Downers

Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays* depressed readers in 1970; the screenplay by Miss Didion and her husband, John Gregory Dunne, offers no relief now. In the clutches of director Frank Perry, this modern allegory of unrelieved boredom and near solipsism comes no closer than the novel to probing beneath the surface of the contemporary malaise, affluent *Weltschmerz*; indeed, made visual, it barely nicks the skin. Ex-actress-ex-model Maria Wyeth Lange's burrow into her own vacantness depended for what little conviction it mustered in the book on moments of perceptive writing. Now that's gone, and with it, any interest but the necrophilic. Maria mucks up her marriage, aborts her lover's child, fails to reconcile with her self-loving husband, and chooses for solace a buddy, B. Z. Mendenhall, already resigned to a life dwelling on the pit's edge. She winds up in the contemporary Purgatory, subjected to an endless battery of psychological tests.

Tuesday Weld as Maria stares and flips her lovely hair, thereby exhausting her stock of creative tricks. A moment or two of High Bitchery from Tammy Grimes as B. Z.'s wife, and perhaps ten minutes of Anthony Perkins (Weld's co-star in *Pretty Poison*, 1968) as the elegant wastrel B. Z., contribute all the acting graces this film receives. Every whipped cliché of montage this side of Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* passes before us: oh look at the highway signs, oh catch the Rorschach blots; oh just see those cocktail party chatter numbers, oh. Despair can be intriguing, but *Play It as It Lays* sheathes despair in ennui bathed in the immediacy of banality.

EUROPE'S PASSAGE to America in the nineteenth century: possibly history's greatest folk migration. My native Minnesota, settled largely by Scandinavians, serves as the promised land for a group of Swedish peasants in a magnificent film, *The Emigrants*. Set primarily in Sweden's cruel, niggardly countryside and on board ship in the mid-1840s, and then for a short while in America, *The Emigrants* carries Karl-Oskar, his wife Kristina, Karl's adolescent brother Robert, Kristina's God-infused uncle Danjel, and assorted children, oldsters, a whore and hangers-on to Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, to "the greenest meadows."

American foreign-film-goers know von Sydow and Ullmann and can expect their usual convincing performances. Young Eddie Axberg as Robert is a newcomer worth watching. In his eyes, his loose joints, his articulation of yearning aspirations, rest the making of the United States in its remarkable period of mass immigration. We see those green meadows drawing Robert, as they drew also the children, Karl and Kristina, and the many who came only to die in America. I await the soon to be released *Settlers*, which, if it shares *Emigrants*' majesty of scope and fineness of detail, will conclude a screen masterpiece of the first order.

Peter Barnes' adaptation of his play, *The Ruling Class*, delivers up Peter O'Toole's best film performance since *Lawrence of Arabia*, some splendid bits from Alastair Sim as a quirky C. of E. bishop, and a few moments of wildly imaginative fun. The story concerns Jack, fourteenth earl of Gurney, who, on the accidental death of his kinky father, the thirteenth earl, returns to his castle to ascend to the title, eight years of "confinement" for religious schizophrenia behind him. Convinced he's God—after all, "When I pray to Him, I find I'm talking to myself"—Jack is a sight, obviously bananas. To get the Gurney estate for themselves, Jack's mercenary uncle and lecherous aunt marry him off to uncle's mistress, hope for (and get) a boy child heir, and plot to get the loony lord declared permanently mad. But Jack's innovative shrink "cures" him, bringing in a competing "God" to shock our earl into sanity. Down comes the huge cross Jack has installed in the parlor; off come the beard and Jesus tresses and robe. On goes peer's ermine as Jack takes his place in the House of Lords, there thunderously decrying the end of capital punishment, and thence to play out his new fantasy: Jack the Ripper. Off with Auntie; off with Jack's young bride, into jail the faithful servant Tuck; out with the scoundrelly crew.

Ruling Class seems endless; though two minutes shorter than *Emigrants*, it felt like weeks scrunched into that theater seat. Its message, a bludgeonly tirade against the upper class as humanity's cancer, is tedious beyond repair. Its direction by Peter Medak, suitably schizophrenic, perhaps, given the protagonist, is nonetheless sloppy. But O'Toole acts wonderfully, and some scenes sparkle, especially that in which the Master of Lunacy arrives to investigate Jack, finding him fit as can be when discovering that they've attended the same school. Oh, the rich *are* different.

BRIEFLY: Lovers of Billy Holiday are advised to skip *Lady Sings the Blues* and stay home with her discs; Diana Ross ain't Lady Day, nohow. ¶ For admirers of *Shaft* and *Shaft's Big Score* and *Super Fly*, this month the Negro Nonsense Film sweepstakes presents *Trouble Man*. Just goes to show that no matter how dismal yesterday's nadir, today's sinks lower, and prompts the question: When will this exploitation of fantasy in a sepia hue end? □

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BOOKS

Sifting So Much Sand

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

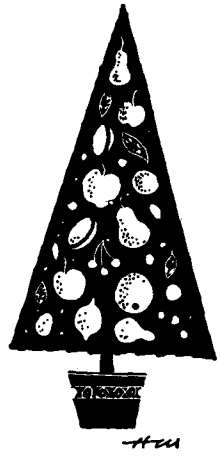
Europe in the Twentieth Century
By George Lichtheim
Praeger, 409 pp., $12.95

After a desultory discussion of the confused views of Sartre, George Lichtheim asks pettishly (as though God ought not to permit such confusion in a well-run universe), "What is one to make of it all?" It is an old man's question although not every old man asks it; a question reflecting vanished certainties, lost causes and the growing awareness that the magic of words, even the party-Chinese language of Marxism, will not serve to master a reality that is multiform, complex and wholly unpredictable. In the arid and windy desert landscape in which the fellow travelers of latter-day Communism dwell, the question "what is one to make of it all?" has a particularly poignant and resonant ring.

Europe in the Twentieth Century is purportedly a history of the past seventy years. In actuality it is the history of the views of George Lichtheim set against the confused background of a world that never behaved quite the way Lichtheim thought it would or should. From the anti-positivist revolt of the *fin de siècle* with which the story opens to the neo-anti-positivist tirade with which the account closes, the story lacks coherence, literary felicity and basic honesty. What purpose, one properly asks, is served by sifting so much sand?

Not surprisingly one can expect to learn little history from the account. The lacks already noted, as well as the trivial viciousness, the resort to petty denunciation and the unsupported *obiter dicta*, militate against that. Let us begin with the *obiter dicta*. "Bismarck," Lichtheim tells us, "was the only statesman of genius Germany ever produced." This means, I assume, that Bismarck was successful and that Lichtheim approves of him. Speaking of Freud, Lichtheim writes: "To the extent that he was affected by metaphysics, Freud displayed something of the pessimism of Schopenhauer, a circumstance irrelevant to his scientific work." By this Lichtheim means that in Lichtheim's universe of discourse "metaphysics" is a "bad" word and that Freud's pessimism about human nature led him to reject all Marxist schemes that aimed at the creation of a new and transformed human reality. Lichtheim must attempt to exclude *Civilization and Its Discontents* from the Freudian canon because it is implacably anti-Marxist.

Speaking of National Socialist attitudes to what the Nazis called "degenerate art," Lichtheim writes, "Representations of human misery and ugliness were not wanted by a regime whose leaders had been brought up on Nietzsche's philosophy." I do not need to demonstrate for anyone who has even a cursory knowledge of Nietzsche that Nazi aesthetic theory has absolutely no relation to either Nietzsche's thought on art or his view of the human condition. Moreover, the assertion that the Nazi leadership was brought up on Nietzsche is simply false; if Lichtheim has some new and persuasive evidence on this matter, it is time for him to bring it before the public.



More interesting is the question of silence or relative silence in dealing with important historical events. Speaking of Weimar Germany, Lichtheim tells us that "Bolshevism became a scarecrow in a country whose indigenous Communists were far too incompetent to seize power." But the fact is that in the early Twenties German Communists repeatedly attempted violent revolution and actually established, at least momentarily, a Soviet government in Munich. Hindsight always leads to the falsification by the later historian of the popular perception of the existential moment. But let us turn to even more interesting twists to the problem of falsification and omission. The massive Soviet failure in the economic sphere generally and particularly in agriculture is all but unmentioned. This because Lichtheim believes in a command economy. His hostility to market economics is vividly documented in his admiring words on the subject of Nazi economics. "What counted was that they [the Nazis] had broken away from economic liberalism, and in so doing discovered undreamed sources of energy which lay latent beneath the surface of society. State regulation proved superior to the uncontrolled market economy—this was the great discovery German Fascism made in the 1930s and which duly impressed countries struggling with similar problems." This is an assertion that no one can take seriously. Totalitarian organization, even in the area of preparation for war, demonstrated itself to be vastly inferior to the somewhat muddled but more deeply rational procedures of a market economy and democratic political decision-making.

IT SHOULD not surprise us that while the terrible Nazi policy of the "final solution" to the "Jewish problem" rates five full pages of small type, the equally massive destruction of human life and human dignity which characterized the "great terror" in the Soviet Union gets

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a bare mention, and the standard treatment of the terror by Robert Conquest is uncited.

More important than the destruction and recession of European power and authority in the world, more important than the development of technology, more important than the growth of irrationality, more important than the decay of both Fascism and Communism, has been the steady but giant enlargement of the powers of the state in human society. The growth of state power, this has been the real revolution in Western society in the past four hundred years. Yet the growth of state power and its implications for human societies is a subject to which Lichtheim is blind.

But finally the great failure of Lichtheim's historiography is his failure sympathetically to understand the past. For Lichtheim the central problem of historiography is explanation rather than understanding. He believes the past must be rationalized, that everything must be explained in terms of causal connection. That, however, is a manifest impossibility, even, or perhaps especially, for a Marxist. The power of history, the factors of production, the class conflict, the "cunning of reason" and all those other wordy superstitions eventually fail as real explanations of historical events and we are thrown back on the *obiter dicta*.

THERE IS a danger, however, in the belief in total explanation. Lichtheim's bête noire Nietzsche illuminated that danger in his essay, "The Uses and the Abuses of History." He wrote: "But the man who has once learned to crook the knee and bow the head before the power of history nods yet at last, like a Chinese doll, to every power, whether it be a government or public opinion or a majority; and his limbs move correctly as the power pulls the string. If each success has come by a 'rational necessity,' and every event shows the victory of logic or the 'idea,' then—down on your knees quickly, and let every step in the ladder of success have its reverence."

George Lichtheim cannot teach us history. He cannot even teach us manliness. He can and does teach us in this book how a confused leftist sage can continue to genuflect before the "necessities" of history. □

The Long Revolution
By Edgar Snow
Random House, 269 pp., $6.95

Mao's Way
By Edward E. Rice
University of California, 596 pp., $12.95

The Morning Deluge
By Han Suyin
Little, Brown, 571 pp., $12.95

HOT AND COLD CHINA-WATCHERS

RICHARD L. WALKER

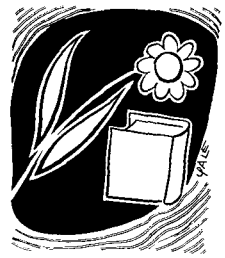
We Americans have a tendency to believe that only we can find out the truth about things, and this tendency reaches formidable proportions in the case of China. Obviously we were not going to understand what was occurring in Mao Tse-tung land until we could get some good red-blooded Americans in there to see for themselves. Never mind that German, Swedish, British or Japanese (or for that matter Soviet) reporters and observers were producing some important materials based upon first-hand observations of the Chinese People's Republic over the past two decades.

An indication of the ludicrous proportions to which this tendency can go was Senator Charles Percy's reaction in the Senate on May 11 to the report given by Senator Mike Mansfield on his trip to Mainland China. Percy, the first to respond to the report, opined: "At long last the cloak of mystery and mask of ignorance has been taken off China. And it has been taken off by our distinguished colleague, the Majority Leader . . ." Presumably we could not understand the China of today until the Majority Leader of the United States had visited there for a few days.

Part of this approach attached to the late Edgar Snow, whom fortune and friendship permitted to become the official biographer of Mao Tse-tung in the 1930s and a sympathetic interpreter of Communist China since its founding. By the end of his life Snow was himself firmly grasped by the cult of Mao's infallibility. He begins his last book, on which he was working when he died, with that highlight of his life when he stood for a few minutes beside Chairman Mao on the Gate of Heavenly Peace at the 21st anniversary parade on October 1, 1970.

This last of Snow's works, like his 1962 potboiler *The Other Side of the River*, illustrates the extent of his sympathy with the Chinese Communist movement and his willingness to accept an "operation rewrite" to maintain what has always been the leitmotiv of his work: that Chairman Mao has always planned everything accurately in advance, has himself embodied the wishes of the Chinese people in a mystical fashion, and that under his guidance China is the best of all possible places. Unfortunately for Snow's final effort, the documents in connection with the Lin Piao purge have now made it little more than a contemporary view of the official line prior to the purge. It would seem likely that had the veteran American journalist lived, he would have adjusted the text to fit current interpretations.

AFTER ALL, in his 1962 book he pointed out Mao's brilliance in selecting Liu Shao-ch'i to succeed him and noted that Liu was in thorough agreement with the Chairman on the policies of the Great Leap and the communes. In this new book Snow dutifully reports that Liu opposed Great Leap policies and that Mao could feel secure in purging Liu and other top party leaders because the People's Liberation Army "was a trump card in any showdown. With Lin Piao in command that card seemed secure in Mao's hand." Given the materials now circulating in China about the "Liu-type political swindler" Lin Piao, one wonders how Snow would have dealt with them. Maybe he would have withdrawn this work and waited for the dust to settle. That we have the work in hand should enable us to deal with one of America's foremost friends of Mao with more balance and at least a modicum of skepticism. After all, not even Senator Mansfield found all the fields green and all the new buildings beautiful nor the life of Mr. Wang quite so idyllic as Edgar Snow portrays it.



Naturally, Snow through his numerous trips to Communist China and exclusive interviews with Mao, Chou En-lai and other top leaders had materials that the others could not get. But this does not necessarily mean that his interpretations or information were always accurate. He could claim, how-

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ever, that access to sources made his versions of developments preferable to those of the "host of foreign 'China watchers'" who were patiently sifting through materials on the outside. Edward E. Rice's survey of Mao's China belies such a claim.

ALTHOUGH Rice was assigned to China prior to World War II, he has not been back since. He did serve though as American consul general in Hong Kong (and a very able one at that) during the Cultural Revolution. His book, which breezes through the modern century until Mao's coming to power in a scant hundred pages, really zeros in on the forces and factors behind the last decade's turbulent events. By comparison his documented, thorough and accurate account of the purges of the 1960s makes Snow's appear almost humorous. Rice (not a bad name for a writer on China) dwells, for example, upon Mme. Mao in some detail, including the political strains and deals occasioned by Mao's taking on that ambitious woman as his fourth wife. Snow's book gives only passing mention to the woman who was at the vortex of the Cultural Revolution and subsequent purges, who is the only one in China in addition to her husband whose words are frequently quoted as slogans today, and who might yet become China's Empress Dowager of the last quarter of the twentieth century if she has her way.

Though *Mao's Way* is at times tedious in its detail, its author has presented us with one of the best surveys of developments in Chinese politics in the post-Leap Forward period. It is on works such as this we will have to rely to correct those which have been pouring out euphoric nonsense about the Chinese People's Republic and its leaders in the wake of President Nixon's trip.

Certainly a good example of the "official" histories which will provide challenge and labor for scholars who must sort fact from the fiction of an operation-rewrite is Han Suyin's first volume of a projected two-volume study of Mao's romance with modern China. Miss Han is known for her novels and the present work is a fiction which always has Mao in the very center and always correct. She uses her not inconsiderable literary talents to present a current nationalistic Chinese view of the tragic story of that great civilization since the time of Mao's birth almost eighty years ago. She has interviewed participants in such heroic events as the famous Long March, and, to be sure, they confirm some of the now exaggerated versions of Mao's correct policies in the face of opposition from other leaders of the Communist forces.

THOSE WHO have followed Han Suyin's career in recent years will not be surprised either at the sources she uses or the line she takes. This first volume ends with the Korean War. As we might expect, she concludes it was started not by Stalin or North Korea but by the South Koreans, encouraged, of course, by John Foster Dulles. Her version of the origins of that tragic conflict rests for evidence on the writings of the semi-official Communist journalist Wilfred G. Burchett and of I. F. Stone. Naturally she extends profound thanks to Edgar Snow for assistance. She matches Snow in hagiographic enterprise when she finds that Mao "gave the Chinese people that liberation of the mind which is true liberty." Shades of Stalin's heyday!

When Chairman Mao goes to "meet God" (an odd expression for a Communist but one which he used in an interview granted to Snow), we may get the corrective materials to help us put him into proper proportion. Meanwhile we are probably better advised to stick with the cautious works of the detached China-watchers like Rice than with the Mao enthusiasts or the guided tourists if we want to maintain some semblance of balance in our approach to a China that is slowly opening up to Americans. □

Stephen J. Tonsor, *visiting research fellow at the Hoover Institution, is on sabbatical leave as professor of European intellectual history at the University of Michigan.* . . . **Richard L. Walker** *is Director of the University of South Carolina's Institute of International Studies.* . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.**, *a member of the Vice President's staff, is the author of* The Kumquat Statement *and* The Impudent Snobs. . . . **J. D. Futch**, *an engaging authority on European monarchs, teaches at Washington and Lee University.* . . . **Brenton H. Smith** *is a member of the history faculty at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, specializing in modern European and diplomatic history.*

FICTION

The Occupation
By David Caute
McGraw-Hill, 303 pp., $6.95

PANT, PANT MOAN, HICCUP

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

At first this seems just another of that depressing ruck of academic novels written to show us what university life is really like. Summarize one and you've summarized them all. The narrator is inevitably a professor of English in the throes of premature male menopause, his world crumbling around his ears, his wife hostile, the coeds after whom he lusts—and unfortunately, after years of prudent chasing finally catches—disillusioned. Nothing makes sense, the SYSTEM is meaningless, the world is meaningless, it's all a bad cosmic joke.

And superficially, that's the way this one seems to be heading. But somewhere along the line you realize that Caute understands all that, and as you penetrate the deliberately obscure surrealistic plot (no academic worth his PhD would be caught dead laying down a straight plot line these days) and the scenic pop pornography, you realize that Caute's saying something important about the nature of academic man and something important about the condition of the contemporary novel.

The central character, like Caute, is a youngish with-it socialist British academic who spends a year teaching at a large university in New York. As he lusts after one of his students, he thinks a great deal, in typical academic fashion, about the meaning of it all and his place in the scheme of things. Constant preoccupation with self, the disease of the academic, finally leads to breakdown, and the center of the novel consists of scenes occurring either in his office or in his mind or both in which he argues with sitting-in New Left students.

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All clear? Of course not. They may be sitting-in in his mind. Or they may be sitting-in in his office. Or his mind may be his office. Or his office may symbolize his mind. It's that kind of plot, and that's why *The Occupation* will be read primarily by English majors, faculty wives married to English professors, reviewers for the *New York Review* and the *Prairie Schooner*, residents of New York City and other exotics. And that's a shame, because they probably won't get the message. The estrangement of the academy from the real world seems almost to parallel the estrangement of serious novelists from the general reading public. Since its flowering in the eighteenth century, the novel has been a form that has attempted to dramatize the lives of real people doing real things for real reasons in real settings. But at some very recent point thinkers decided that there was no perceivable reality, that life was jagged and fractured, that one man's reality was another man's illusion. And so the only serious study for any serious writer became his own apprehension of his own individual consciousness. And the quirkier that consciousness, the better.

THIS TOTAL turning inward was antithetical to everything the novel stood for, its primary artistic function having been to survey manners and morals within a coherent social structure. As a result, the novel has steadily lost its broad-based readership. The great novelists appealed to people across a variety of social and educational boundaries, but today those novels that critics find "significant" appeal to very limited groups.

To his credit, Caute can write an esoteric novel of ideas while looking ironically at the sort of mind that produces and enjoys it. His central character is the quintessential academic man of letters: "Now there are . . . philistines who repair their own cars, install their own central heating and waste a good 8 mm. film on family outings. If the only revenge we can inflict on them is to keep them out of the modern novel, that will have to do." Here precisely is the problem with the contemporary academic man of letters and the novels of ideas he produces. Like Caute's protagonist, he can't *do* anything. And because he can't, he simply cannot comprehend those who can. This is especially galling, for, as Caute's protagonist realizes, society can function perfectly well without academic novelists, but it cannot function without the philistines who do its daily work.

Academic man has been trained away from function. Snobbery, Lionel Trilling once wrote, is pride in status without pride in function. And snobbery is the only recourse open to academic man. The contemporary novelist of ideas is a functionless academic writing for other functionless academics. The ideas which were his stock in trade proved to be untenable during the Sixties when students decided to carry them to their logical conclusions by ripping up the universities which sheltered the men who preached them.

And so what's left? How about sex? There's something that academics do in pretty much the same way everyone else does, perhaps the last common link between the philistines and the academic. Caute's professor has nothing much to do, so there's a great deal of time to fantasize about it. So let's all of us—all those people who do society's day-to-day work but who never appear in serious novels any more—and all those academics—let's get together and let's hear it for sex. Moan moan pant pant hiccup. And to hell with the novel. Us academics have taken care of poetry. Who reads contemporary poetry? And we've pretty well killed the short story. Now let's finish off the novel. It was always a bourgeois genre anyhow. Pant pant hiccup. □

The Collapse of British Power
By Correlli Barnett
Morrow, 643 pp., $15

DECLINE-AND-FALL HISTORY

BRENTON H. SMITH

Among professional historians there is an age-old magnetic pull toward the study of the demise of great nations and great institutions and toward the sermonizing that goes along with it. Despite the obvious hazards that scare the more fastidious scholars away from big works of synthesis, there will always be at least some reputable authors and readers in the field of "decline and fall" history. Ancient Greece and Rome, medieval Catholicism, Renaissance Italy, post-Napoleonic France are among the recurrent themes (perhaps post-Kennedy U.S.A. will be added).

Correlli Barnett's theme is Britain, especially in the period of the two world wars. He is not concerned with Britain's cultural influence but, at times almost stridently, with the purely military and material dimensions of British power within a world where the quest for power appears to be a part of the permanent order of things. He is delivering a philippic against nineteenth- and especially twentieth - century Englishmen who lost the power that had been built up so skilfully in the Elizabethan and Cromwellian ages. He is trying to explain their behavior and expose their weaknesses.

From the start Barnett assumes that Britain's decline was something quite unnecessary. Britain doomed herself. Surprisingly, he does not stress the larger environmental factor, Britain's growingly weak position, comparatively, in population, natural resources and geography. He does not picture Britain as having taken an early and perhaps artificial lead in commerce and industry and as being quite naturally overtaken by other nations later. He does not blame British parliamentary government, nor does he bring up the class struggle which gladdens the Marxist ideologues. What he does do is produce an impressive list of vices and villains in British life. Heroic movements and personalities are few and scattered.

AS BARNETT digs deeply into the pre-World War I history of Britain, one of the worst influences he discovers is evangelical Protestantism of the Methodist variety. It was responsible for spreading a generalized sentimentality and humanitarianism that was incompatible with the power consciousness that keeps a nation going. Another bad influence was the grossly inadequate educational system. The talents of the poor were barely developed at all, and, at a time when Britain desperately needed technical ability in her industrial, military and governmental structure, her public schools were training the well-born and well-to-do in the field of classical literature. But no disgrace

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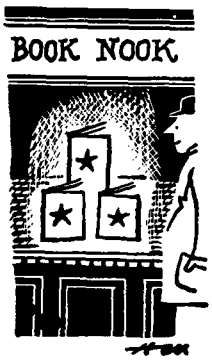
is more shocking to Barnett than the nation's economic system. Laissez-faire capitalism is indicted for creating stagnancy and atrophy in the productive apparatus. In decades when other countries were reaching new levels of innovation and efficiency by means of firm governmental control and direction, he says, British business was content with the tried-and-true devices of the past. He simply assumes the desirability of state control over the economy not for the purpose of building social justice but for the purpose of building power. A wider look at the modern world might have convinced him that such control may actually be counterproductive.

COMING closer to the surface of modern international relations, Barnett takes a look at the British empire as a whole and decides that it represented not an addition to the resources of the mother country but rather a serious drain upon them. Because of her small and far-flung naval and military forces, Britain could not exert herself against a rival in one area of the world without making herself vulnerable in some other area. Paralysis of policy was the result. The situation was aggravated because of the vogue for disarmament and because of the mood of "moralizing internationalism," which kept the British of every class and party from seeing that their country still needed the most obvious kind of power, especially in its dealings with a resurgent Germany. Altogether, Barnett's censure of Britain is so complete that one wonders why and how Britain finally did spin about to face Hitler in one of the most splendid campaigns of defiance known to the modern epoch.



Especially because Barnett is frequently very effective in presenting his case, it is unfortunate that now and then he becomes wild or erratic as he deals with specifics. For example, in approaching the preliminaries of the Munich crisis of 1938 he notes quite sensibly that Prime Minister Chamberlain's policy toward Germany was variable and by no means based upon a single motivation. But shortly afterward old prejudices reassert themselves, and Chamberlain is described less accurately as being "absolutely certain that he was right" and as "conniving quite happily at the upset of the entire European strategic balance." On the basis of scanty evidence Barnett declares that Chamberlain could have united Britain for war over the Czech crisis, but then admits that the final Munich settlement was received with jubilation.

Winston Churchill comes off hardly better than Chamberlain in Barnett's free-swinging attack. During World War II Churchill was brave and inspirational, but he made the mistake of fighting for the amorphous cause of "victory" rather than for particular advantages in international power relationships. Furthermore, he so exhausted Britain financially in the war effort that she emerged as a client of the U.S.A. The United States is seen as the successor to the Spain of Philip II, the France of Napoleon and the Germany of William II, as Britain's world rival. Barnett actually goes to the point of claiming that Churchill's appeasement of the U.S.A. was similar to Chamberlain's appeasement of Germany. More, he claims that during World War II, the U.S.A., not the USSR, was the rising danger for Britain. Such a thesis makes a nice twin for the equally current and preposterous charge that Harry Truman, not Josef Stalin, was the author of the cold war. □

The Lady Mary: A Biography of Mary Tudor 1516-1558
By Milton Waldman
Scribners, 215 pp., $7.95

HAPLESS MARY

J. D. FUTCH

Protestants, Whigs, liberals, and all such upright souls have never dealt gently with Henry VIII's elder daughter, her of the Bloody name, whose five-year reign brought some fewer than three hundred religious executions, to the horror of Enlightenment and Victorian writers who little guessed what the twentieth century would accomplish by way of persecution and government murder in the grand manner. Man lives and learns.

Mr. Waldman's treatment of Bloody Mary's career is, by contrast to most others, notably generous as he takes the unhappy monarch from her wretched youth to her embittered end (at age forty-two). Deprived in adolescence, during King Henry's church revolution, of royal rank, of legitimate birth and finally of her mother's company, Mary found herself viciously harassed by Anne Boleyn and eventually threatened with death—the King not seriously intending Mary's end, but

the harpy Anne quite in earnest about it. At twenty Mary faced a quandary "little different in substance and [in] no way inferior in magnitude and perplexity to those presented to Antigone and Joan of Arc." For the moment, the girl bowed and accepted the Reformation settlement imposed by her tyrannical father. Author Waldman laments that she thus lost her chance for martyrdom: "It was so near a thing, so small a particle of decision that withdrew her from inscription upon the golden calendar of heroes and saints. . . . it is precisely the mental clarity she lost that is the particular distinguishing grace of saints and heroes in their supreme hour of crisis."

MARY, alas, yielded and lived on. After Henry's death she witnessed the Reformers' endless outrages under Edward VI (the Eucharist was now dismissed as "Jack-in-the-Box"), and she herself narrowly escaped murder at the hands of Protestant fanatics when her consumptive brother the King died in 1553. Queen at last, she was hailed by the nation—"gallant survivor of so many adversities." To her numerous political enemies she showed surprising lenience; and the reign began well with a vast and successful attack on the extortion, corruption and waste tolerated by her two predecessors.

It was too good to last. Her pursuit of heretics smacked of despotism; and her marriage to Philip of Spain, which

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Mr. Waldman attributes rather to an aging virgin's lust than to raison d'état, proved a public-relations blunder of ruinous gravity. In the end hapless Mary was abandoned both by her people and by Philip and expired amid "a universal sigh of relief." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

How CBS Tried To Kill a Book, *by Edith Efron (Nash, 187 pp., $6.95).* When Miss Efron's *The News Twisters*, which not merely suggested but demonstrated the existence of leftward bias in television news coverage, appeared in 1970, NBC and ABC quietly ignored it. CBS, exposed by Miss Efron as the worst offender, went into an absolute tizzy. The network's News President, Richard Salant, trotted out flaks and tame scholars to "demolish" the book. Miss Efron's methodology was attacked (unconvincingly); she was smeared as a racist; she was linked to a fancied right-wing-anti-freedom-of-the-press conspiracy (e.g., because she received a small grant from a foundation set up long ago by the late Alfred Kohlberg, CBS found her guilty-by-association with—Joe McCarthy). Columnists and editorial writers swallowed all this and dutifully regurgitated it. In the present book, Miss Efron describes CBS' efforts, and refutes its "refutations" of the 1 per cent of her data the network ever dealt with substantially. Heavy going at times, but the reader will come away convinced that one TV network, anyway, *wants* to be biased. C. H. SIMONDS

The War Game: *Ten Great Battles Recreated from History, edited by Peter Young (Dutton, 128 pp., $10).* This book has got to delight the military buff, and ought to impress even the casually interested. As Aram Bakshian Jr. (well-known to *NR* readers) says in his introduction, war has always been man's most dangerous game, nor has its increasing horror diminished the "undeniable fascination" war exerts on the imagination. Ten famous battles are described here, from Thermopylae to El Alamein—none from World War I, significantly, no doubt because senseless slaughter is not the point. The authors write with the war-game enthusiast in mind; the text is profusely illustrated with fine maps and drawings, plus many pictures of finely detailed models of the appropriate soldiers and equipment for each battle. The idea is you might want to use this book to construct your *own* war game, and—if that's the kind of thing you like—you will be mightily tempted. The book's main defect is that the text is too compressed: You must maintain almost total recall of each developing situation or you'll become a mental straggler just when the action is hottest. J. P. McFADDEN

The Persian Boy, *by Mary Renault (Pantheon, 419 pp., $7.95). Fire from Heaven* followed Alexander the Great to his twentieth year; now Mary Renault reconstructs the brief life of the "horseback king" to its end. *The Persian Boy* is a strange and beautiful novel in which Miss Renault drops the impersonal style of the earlier book and returns to the first person. The "I" here is Bagoas, a beautiful eunuch trained as houseboy and lover to the Persian king Darius, whom Alexander humiliated. Bagoas is part of a bribe-offering to Alexander from Darius' beaten officers in return for their freedom. This much is known history, and the telling takes up a fourth of the novel. The rest is woven from suggestions of Alexander's homosexual attachments—to Bagoas and to Hephaistion, the king's friend from boyhood—that the old books never detailed. Miss Renault and her eunuch work a daring twist of the conventional approach of the historical novel, which has an intimate drama played out against a massive national conflict, and the author's success is her ability to imagine herself inside the skull of this remarkable boy. Bagoas is a fly on the wall during the elaborate ceremonies of the Persian and Macedonian courts, rides along on the terrible forced marches, witnesses the battles, and tells of it all in a faintly antique language that never becomes "translationese." Alexander "needed love as a palm tree needs water: from armies, from cities, from conquered enemies, nothing was enough." Alexander intellectualizes his passion. "I not only travel the earth to possess it. I seek to know what it is, and what men are." But his lover has the last speech of the book, as he kneels beside the dead king: "You were never without love; where you go, may you find it waiting." D. CRINKLAW

The Fall of the American University, *by Adam Ulam (Library Press, 217 pp., $7.95).* From his vantage point as a democratic-liberal professor at Harvard, Dr. Ulam perceptively chronicles and analyzes the past two decades of Temptation and Fall in the groves of academe. Public faith in education, coupled with the machinations of academic operators, produced Busybody-Behemoth U, where ability to secure government grants outranked scholarship or teaching ability. As schools became involved in the "quest for social justice," and professors fell thrall to the cult of youth, relevance replaced substance. Gresham's Law prevailed: concern drove out reason, charisma banished competence. The Children's Crusade by bored, media-beatified youth overwhelmed the minority of academics who wanted universities to be houses of intellect, not first-aid stations for social ills. Although the crusade fad has declined, Professor Ulam fears a continuing degradation of education unless realism supplants cant: "For the American university the beginning of wisdom and reform must lie in acknowledging that there are clear limits to what education can do for the individual and society." Write on. D. W. COOPER

On Directing, *by Harold Clurman (Macmillan, 308 pages, $7.95).* For anyone who hasn't read *The Fervent Years*, Harold Clurman's summing up of his experience in the theater will be useful as an intelligent and restrained statement of the guiding principles of the American theater in the 1940s and 1950s. Clurman has no axe to grind. He states his positions simply. But the virtue in the book is that much of the time Clurman says the obvious about theater that all too often doesn't get said at all. For instance, he makes a useful distinction between the script (the written, unrealized drama) and the play (the drama as it manifests itself onstage). Half the book is devoted to notes on plays Clurman has directed, including Arthur Miller's most recent work, from which Clurman parted company a couple of weeks after his book appeared. The notes on plays are more theatrical history than textbook advice, but what precedes them—on choosing a script and a cast, on setting, and on the process of directing—is valuable indeed. R. CRINKLEY

The Vampire of Curitiba and Other Stories, *by Dalton Trevisan (Knopf, 268 pp., $7.95).* The title is as deceptive as is the direction of a seemingly simplistic style. Trevisan's concern with predators is real. A haunting reality is interwoven with the depths of despair. His genre is the tale of the dispossessed—the doomed—living lives of desperation, quiet and otherwise. Possessing the touch of a conductor, the author orchestrates a rhythmic symbolism saturnine in implication and sobering in intent. The victims are foreboding-ly vivid. A man separated from his family endures the endlessness of a lonely hotel room. The degenerate seducer appears more despicable for a moral ambivalence that consumes his daughter. A tormented marriage plumbs the abyss of human degradation. An insomniac searches incessantly for the thread of his tormented being. There is the anguish and the anonymity of an existence within a children's asylum. The flotsam of humanity is awash upon the pages of these sketches. This collection is the evocative Brazilian's initial English translation. It should not be his last. A. MILLER

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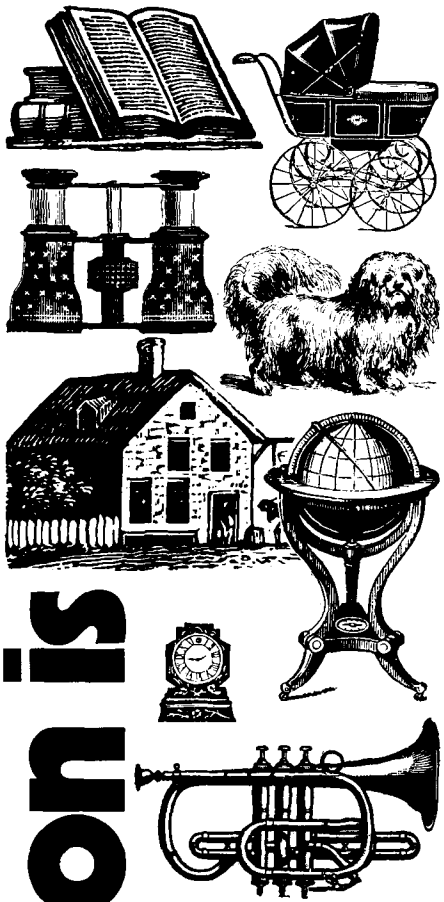

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 10)

rows of outrageous Winston. Because readers cannot discover from Mr. Gold's letter the nature of the article about which he is exercised, let me remind them that the article listed some of the aspects of the Agnew campaign that displeased various Republicans around the country. Readers may remember (as I am sure staffman Gold remembers) the article's second sentence: "The problems are the result of faulty staff work."

The article referred to seven problems that occurred in Virginia, Louisiana, Alabama, Montana, Georgia, New Mexico and Mississippi. Mr. Gold only attempts to explain away one of these. The way he deals with this one demonstrates how prudent he is in not trying to deal with the other six. He says Congressman Dickinson should not have been unhappy about Agnew's performance while in Dickinson's district because Agnew could not possibly have endorsed Dickinson on Governor Wallace's doorstep. That is true but it is not responsive to what I wrote, which had nothing to do with using the Governor's Mansion for political purposes.

I stand by what I wrote, and compound my sins by saying that, in my judgment, my friends Evans and Novak are among the most responsible and reflective Washington newsmen. I only wish Mr. Gold would not imply that my vices are derivative. These vices are ill-favored things but mine own, and I know that neither Evans nor Novak nor those "stylistic progenitors" at the *Post* want to be blamed for them.

Mr. Gold's letter sent me scrambling to one of my favorite books, Mr. Gold's *So You Want to Be a Liberal?* I do not want to be a liberal, but accidents do happen, so I consulted Mr. Gold's five tests by which one can determine if one already is a liberal. None of these tests convicted me, but I think Mr. Gold now has a sixth test: A liberal is someone—anyone—who irritates someone—anyone—on the Vice President's staff. I look forward to a full explanation of Test Six in a second edition of Mr. Gold's book.

Points

Re Lewis Feuer's calling George McGovern "the only PhD in the United States Senate" ["Democrats versus Democracy," Oct. 27]: Senator Gale McGee (D., Wyo.) is a PhD (University of Chicago, 1947).
Del City, Okla. VON RUSSELL CREEL

A. T. Jordan's report on Poland ["Behind the Looking Glass," Nov. 24] reveals a discerning eye and keen observation of detail. I speak as one who has visited Poland twice in the past two years.

But, heavens, there is no "Bromberg" in Poland, nor is there a "Breslau" or "Thorn"; there are the cities of Bydgoszcz, Wroclaw and Torun, the latter the birthplace of Mikolaj Kopernik, whose 500th anniversary will be celebrated next year. Where on earth did you get that map? From some *bierstube* in Frankfurt?

Let's hope that on the occasion of Mr. Jordan's next trip to Poland, a Polish-American for Buckley can draw you an up-to-date map of Poland.
Silver Spring, Md. TED HUMES

Our apologies to our readers and to Mr. Jordan (who is not to blame for the map). We have just scuttled our old German atlas. —ED.

McWilliams' Defense

For the record, may I comment on William Petersen's article, "The Incarceration of the Japanese-Americans" [Dec. 8]?

Mr. Petersen refers to "a draft" of a document which he says he found among my "*personal papers*" (my emphasis) at the Hoover Library, but does not mention my book *Prejudice* which appeared on October 16, 1944. It is the only book on this unhappy subject which appeared before the issues were resolved and before the evacuation-relocation program had been terminated. It states what I thought then and still think about the issues. Nor could I find any reference in his article to the fact that the Tolan Committee came to the West Coast to conduct hearings at my urgent insistence as part of a last-ditch effort to avert mass evacuation. To be sure, the strategy behind the effort did not succeed but that is another matter. Bill Hosokawa, in *Nisei* (1969, p. 291), stresses the importance which Japanese-Americans attached to the hearings. To have said that the Army and the War Relocation Authority, with the cooperation of the evacuees, did a reasonably good job in carrying out extremely difficult assignments hardly constitutes approval of Executive Order 9066. Events unfolded so rapidly after the attack on Pearl Harbor that a most misleading impression can be created without reference to the time, the context and the particular issue under discussion at the time.

But I am grateful to Mr. Petersen for giving me a unique opportunity to spring to the defense of Earl Warren, who boasted that his first official act as governor would be to remove me as Chief, Division of Immigration and Housing (a silly, if headline-catching boast, because I had left office before he was sworn in as governor). True, Warren advocated mass evacuation; it is also true that he opposed the return of the evacuees to the West Coast when it was first proposed. But once the ban was lifted, he honored his responsibilities in an admirable fashion. Incidentally this question of whether the evacuees should be permitted to return was much more fiercely debated than the initial question of whether they should be removed. The latter issue posed no difficulties for demagogues and politicians; the former did.
New York, N.Y. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

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DAVIS

(Continued from page 32)

amount of first-class mileage within an area of one type was to be sensibly equal to the mileage in the other type. Each community with a population of over 25,000 was also to have areas of both types. Furthermore the Supreme Court wisely laid down the principle that a given side of a road was not to be driven both ways simultaneously and that a given road was to be assigned a preferential side for a distance of not less than five miles.

Burstein was widely acclaimed, and at the behest of the President, the Department of Transportation was authorized to utilize the scientists at the National Bureau of Standards (Dept. of Commerce) and their battery of computers to work out the mathematical details of the partition.

On November 9, James T. Hammerschlager of Skokie, Illinois wrote a rather violent letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, stating that in the eventuality his house were zoned "left" he would demand to be bused, portal to portal, to his place of employment. The paper, editorializing, advised a wait-and-see policy.

On November 12, the AAA, which had hitherto refrained from entering the controversy, informed its membership, through local branch publications, that though the national board preferred the status quo ante, it regarded *Burstein* as the law of the land and stood ready to issue no-fault insurance at the rate of $10 a day per car per $10,000 coverage.

On December 3, Professor Milos S. Pappageorge, of the Institute of Advanced Studies, submitted a paper to the journal *Metrical Topology and Its Applications* in which he claimed to prove that the conditions of partition, as laid down in the decisions clarifying *Burstein*, were mathematically incapable of being fulfilled. When interviewed by United Press International, Professor Pappageorge said, "It is as though the Court declared that pi equals three."

On December 12—and by that time Pappageorge's discovery had been widely discussed—Senator Harley O. Washburn said on the *David Frost Show* that although he didn't quite understand Pappageorge's argument, that in the interests of fair play, Pappageorge should have left religion out of it.

Editor's note: As we go to press (December 20), the controversy appears to have died out as rapidly as it flared up. Last week some picket activity was reported outside Burstein's apartment. Placards reading "Back to England, Colonel Blimp" were waved about. Partition is largely unenforced, but the state of Massachusetts, due, it is thought, to an unusually large proportion of college students who are familiar with the British system, has gone over completely to the left side of the road. "Residual Royalism has always been dormant in the Commonwealth," quipped Myron Fizakerly of the *Christian Science Monitor*. □

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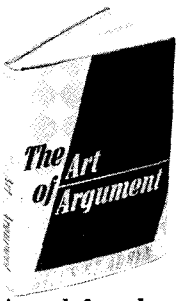

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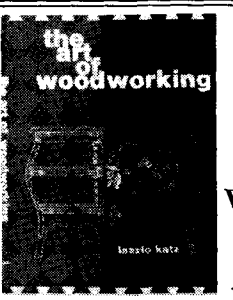

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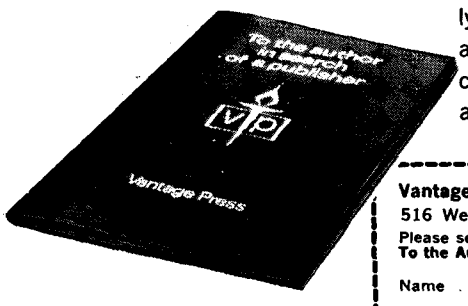

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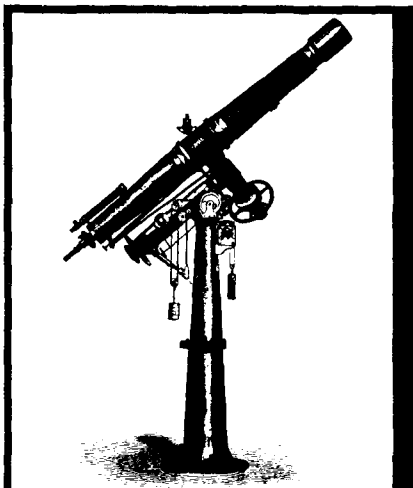

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Watergate Perspective

On The Right

New York, Dec. 18—Watergate is coming up right soon now. As a judicial matter, before the relevant court, and as an extra-judicial matter, before congressional committees that are raring to go, their thirst for justice no doubt stimulated by the happy coincidence that the congressional committees are run by Democrats, and the victims are, at least putatively, Republican.

The entire episode requires, of course, a little perspective. It was hard to get that perspective during the campaign, in part because the McGovern people were elevating Watergate into a moral watershed. You were either dismayed by it, and therefore prepared to vote for McGovern. Or you were insensible to creeping totalitarianism under the Republican Party.

The challenge was hurled at me, in a public meeting, by the editor of the *New York Times* Book Review Section, a most engaging and talented young man of old-fogeyish ideological inclinations, who like the liberals with whom he increasingly identifies himself, disdains particular inquiry, and has not replied to two invitations to explicate his position, which was also George McGovern's: to wit, if you were opposed to the bugging of the Democratic offices at Watergate, therefore you should have voted against Richard Nixon. My point always was: perhaps they can dredge up a case for impeaching Richard Nixon. But even if that case were made, it does not add up to a case for voting for George McGovern.

Inasmuch as we all assume that the intention of the Watergaters was not larcenous in the strict sense of the term, one reaches for the context of the episode. Understand, I favor the application of the relevant penalties. But even as one believes in enforcing the law, say when it prescribes six months or a year for pot-smoking, the context of the crime necessarily affects the judgment of the sentencing magistrate, and should. It is in this connection that one notices, with more than mere amusement, a feature story in the *Village Voice*, concerning one Dick Tuck.

"Tuck and his antics were shelved after Watergate," is one of the headline-insets in the article describing the "supreme humorist of American politics." It appears that Mr. Tuck has made a profession of interfering in Republican politics for very nearly twenty years, but when George McGovern decided to make a big issue over Watergate, it was thought wise discreetly to bench Tuck, and accordingly he was whisked away, to Spain, or somewhere.

You see, Dick Tuck has been an employee of Democrats for many years, and his running assignment is to embarrass Republicans by any means. He specializes in glorious improvisations, which are no doubt more damaging to Republicans than any conversation the Watergaters might have tapped over the telephone of Lawrence O'Brien could have been damaging to Democrats. At Miami Beach in 1968, for instance, Mr. Tuck arranged for a long line of banner-carrying demonstrators to move enthusiastically around the hotel in which Mr. Nixon was quartered, bearing the sign, simply, "Nixon's The One." So far so good? So far so good. But everyone carrying such a sign was a Negro female in advanced pregnancy. Tuck was delighted. So, one assumes, were his Democratic employers. So are we all, let's face it.

Four years earlier, Tuck penetrated Goldwater's campaign train, and foisted a young lady, who posed as a freelance magazine writer, into the proceedings, which young lady proceeded to do everything possible to disconcert the Goldwater operation, including the sudden departure of the train seconds after Goldwater had begun to address an audience. The engineer had taken the signal of an imposter conductor who looked exactly like—Dick Tuck. And so forth.

If I were a member of a jury, I don't know what I would do to Dick Tuck, if ever the Democrats permit him to sneak back to the United States. For a brief interlude, after sabotaging Nixon's campaign against Pat Brown in 1962, he was temporarily hired by Governor Brown, and found himself aboard a non-pressurized DC-3 with the governor at an unhealthy twelve thousand feet, avoiding frisky weather. Governor Brown was green at the gills, whereupon the irrepressible Tuck put on a parachute, opened the cabin exit, waved at the Governor, who was at this point stark white, and said affably, "Don't worry, Governor, I'm just going out for help." Upon recovering his aplomb, Governor Brown fired Tuck, it is said with some relish. Tuck and his exploits, which included direct obstruction of Republican rallies and direct eavesdropping on Republican councils, were the joke of many who now put on their hanging robes and dropsied countenance, as they force the word Watergate through their chaste lips. Please write to Senator Kennedy, who is supposed to lead the investigation into Watergate, and ask him to subpoena good old Dick Tuck. If he can find him. □

WHITHER WALLACE? *Tuscaloosa*, Dec. 14—To judge from comments one picks up in Alabama the feeling there is that 1) George Wallace will live, and his health will permit him to be active; 2) the state constitution having been amended, George Wallace can stay on as governor of Alabama for the rest of his life; 3) George Wallace has changed, in ways not easily perceptible; 4) George Wallace's influence in the South continues to be considerable, but outside of Alabama it cannot be expected to endure indefinitely—in the absence of a Wallace Strategy.

And there is no such thing, so far as is known. The Wallace cycle is down, for reasons of health obviously, but also because Wallace tends to be quiet after a presidential election. Thus it was in 1965, and in 1969, and thus it appears it will be in 1973. Then, as discontents with Mr. Nixon fester, as they are bound to do, Wallace would, typically, crank up. By the fall of 1975 he would be addressing the crowds and stirring them up, and the commentators would be speculating about his effect on the forthcoming presidential election; he might win some extra regional primaries . . . But, inevitably, attrition sets in. There is his diminished health, the beginning of that Norman Thomas

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public itchiness with the man who is always running for President. The routinization of the George Wallace act is something he and his followers ought to worry about more than they appear to do.

In what way has he changed? It is my guess that although he will never outlive the provenance of his fame, which has a Jim Crow feel about it, he is a true convert to biracialism. I believe that he has outgrown states' rights as a cover for the perpetual menialization of the Negro. Whether this is because the South is itself pretty serene these days about race, and therefore Wallace the politician has picked up a fresh cue; or whether the change is internal, we cannot know. But it is at least partly the latter, one guesses, because George Wallace during the days that he held on to life by his fingernails, tended to by Catholic nuns, traveled something of a spiritual odyssey, as often happens to those who suffer great tragedy. The experience is not likely to lead him to the cloister, but it may well have focused his thoughts at least partly on extra-temporal matters, and even on strategic historical concerns, speaking of which it is the developing consensus among men of vision in Alabama that George Wallace has one last big opportunity.

It is to move Southern Democrats into the Republican Party. It is, of course, where they belong. The coalition politics of Franklin Roosevelt, which made solid phalanxes of men as disparate as Senator Bilbo and Walter Reuther, in order to juggernaut their party into the White House election after election, is breaking down, as we all know. Nowadays finicky McGovernites will not work for Humphreyites, and Humphreyites will not work for McGovernites, though the differences between the two are not as marked as the differences in days gone by between Southern Democrats and Northern liberals who joined in working for Roosevelt, Truman and Kennedy. The Republican Party has scored great successes in the South, but mostly in behalf of presidential candidates. The grass roots are still obstinately Democratic. Although, as for instance in Mississippi, there is progress toward Republicanism, the traditional resistance is still critical, resulting in the continuing anomaly of Southern conservatives voting—not for liberal Democrats for President, but for liberal Democrats for senator, congressman and governor.

But George Wallace still has the power—to walk over, as Strom Thurmond did, into the Republican Party, and to take his vast following with him. He had that power unmistakably last July, in Miami, which is when he might most dramatically have moved. But he has the power still today. It is not certain that he will have it tomorrow. □

MISSISSIPPI ON MY MIND

Gulfport, Dec. 16 — When *Brown* v. *Board of Education* was handed down, and the schools were ordered to desegregate, a prominent writer pronounced the decision "bad law and bad sociology," with which assessment many of us agreed. It remains, in my inadequate judgment—which judgment however is all I have—bad law. There is very good reason for calling the Warren Court a "revolutionary" court. It simply took the law and stood it on its head. There are arguments for what then happened, particularly on the matter of desegregation. They will tell you that the initiative of the Warren Court deflected what might have been true national violence, as distinguished from the fireworks we got in the Sixties. That the state governments weren't doing what they should to end Jim Crow, nor was the national legislature, so that it was the Supreme Court that came in to the rescue.

Let us assume, for the sake of magnanimity, that that is correct. It does not alter the argument that *Brown* was bad law. If our legislative procedures are constipated (and I think they are) we should flush them out, rather than encourage the Supreme Court to proceed as a standing constitutional convention. Thus the legal point.

The sociological point is proving to be a pleasant surprise. In the state of Mississippi, through which I have recently wandered, there is nothing like the tension one read about seven years ago, when the novelist Walker Percy was writing sulphuric copy about the transformation of the people he grew up with into monsters. The fact of the matter is that the end of compulsory Jim Crow, and the opening up, by law, of the stores and restaurants and hotels that were previously segregated, hasn't increased interracial hostilities, quite the contrary. In the past four years, Mississippi has achieved a racial integration unthought of in the North, the state is prospering, and relations between white and black are, for the most part, altogether relaxed.

Does it follow from this that the methods by which that relaxation was achieved are desirable? Well, not as a formal proposition; though it tells you at least this, that coercive measures can breed desired results. An analogy, however strained, can be drawn with the denazification of Germany. There was no nonsense, after Occupation, about academic freedom for pro-Nazis, or anything of the sort. Textbooks were not only banned, they were burned, vaporized. And in due course Nazism, in Germany, was something you needed to go to rather extensive libraries to stare at the skeleton of.

The occupation of Mississippi was not conventional, but something of the sort was done. Mississippi lost the right to supervise its own voter qualification lists, to pass its own laws respecting schooling, transportation, hotels and restaurants. And: it is, without question, a better place to live in, now than before.

GRANTED, the improvement is only a surface improvement, put up against, say, the exacting standards of Martin Luther King's dreams. But surface improvements are improvements. If the white man behind the counter still declines to fraternize with the Negro, we have not got ourselves the evanescence of color. But meanwhile, he will serve the Negro a hamburger, and that's, well —progress.

Of course, conservatives and libertarians have never denied that state force can accomplish certain things. When the Nazis invaded France, if truth must out, the overwhelming majority of the French simply—cooperated. They went on living and, mostly, confined their contumely to private expression. In Mississippi the white man is still very much in charge of things, but there is civility there, and it is tempering race relations which, in the North, have not been nourished by Southern good nature.

It is worth dwelling upon, but meanwhile there is reason quietly but fervently, to give thanks. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A suppurating swelling — 25 3 149 166 120 125 182 106 100

B. Unscramble LION ACT POOL — 65 60 18 51 78 137 37 72 121 151 169

C. A region in Ghana — 84 164 147 64 30 155 23

D. This could be a sandwich, ship, or Yankee Stadium — 98 22 45 48 50 119 136 194 126 176 4

E. Where a train halts on signal — 156 87 148 55 153 178 74 116

F. Harmonious motion or proportion — 167 81 101 142 140 193 179 127 6

G. Means of support or subsistence — 173 12 85 104 66 105 113 185 20 33

H. Having a checkered appearance — 181 189 34 80 86 139 158 174 191 7 93

I. White-tailed sea eagles — 2 10 24 31 62

J. Brutal cruel fellows — 40 186 69 162 94 128 75 88

K. Order to which mosquitos, gnats, and other pests belong — 59 49 67 110 118 122 145 152 184 17 19 29

L. Name of Henry Hudson's ship — 76 102 177 42 91 16 46 129

M. To pass the summer in a state of torpor — 89 95 165 26 8 180 21 109

N. One who escorts persons to seats — 168 130 135 14 83

O. Smart — 47 38 43 58 11

P. To hold in check — 192 144 131 96 70 39 134

Q. Procures — 124 56 141 111 53 97 92

R. Small or imperfect ears of corn — 138 71 175 187 132 54 112

S. A liquid preparation used for sprains and bruises — 188 143 61 170 15 196 154 103

T. Applies the mind — 41 107 146 36 172 150 190

U. Any of several large suckers — 27 57 63 68 90 159 77 161 163 183 195

V. One who organizes, manages, and assumes the risks of a business — 31 1 13 35 44 133* 52 79 82 99 28 115

W. A small tree of the mezereon family with pliant stems and yellow flowers — 5 9 157 73 108 114 117 123 160 171 197

*NOTE: A question mark follows 133.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 46 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

		1 V	2 I	3 A	4 D	5 W	6 F		7 H	8 M	9 W	10 I	11 O		12 G	13 V	14 N	15 S	
16 L	17 K		18 B	19 K	20 G	21 M	22 D	23 C	24 I	25 A		26 M		27 U	28 V	29 K		30 C	31 I
32 V	33 G	34 H		35 V	36 T	37 B	38 O	39 P	40 J		41 T	42 L	43 O	44 V	45 D		46 L	47 O	48 D
	49 K	50 D	51 B	52 V	53 Q	54 R	55 E		56 Q	57 U	58 O	59 K	60 B	61 S	62 I		63 U	64 C	65 B
66 G		67 K	68 U	69 J		70 P	71 R	72 B	73 W	74 E	75 J	76 L	77 U	78 B	79 V	80 H		81 F	82 V
83 N	84 C	85 G	86 H	87 E		88 J	89 M	90 U	91 L	92 Q		93 H	94 J	95 M	96 P	97 Q	98 D	99 V	100A
101F	102L	103S	104G		105G	106A		107T	108W	109M		110K	111Q	112R	113G	114W	115V		116E
117W	118K	119D	120A		121B	122K		123W	124Q	125A	126D	127F	128J	129L	130N	131P	132R	133V	
134P	135N	136D		137B	138R	139H	140F		141Q	142F	143S	144P	145K		146T	147C	148E	149A	
150T	151B	152K	153E	154S	155C		156E	157W	158H	159U		160W	161U	162J		163U	164C		165M
166A	167F		168N	169B	170S	171W	172T		173G	174H	175R	176D	177L		178E	179F	180M	181H	
182A	183U		184K	185G	186J	187R	188S	189H		190T	191H	192P	193F	194D	195U	196S	197W		

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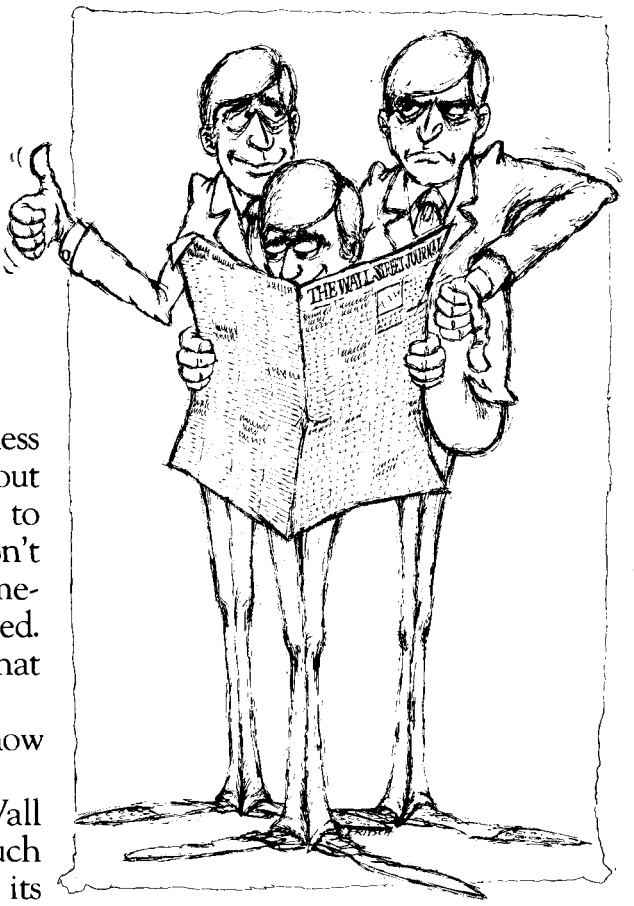

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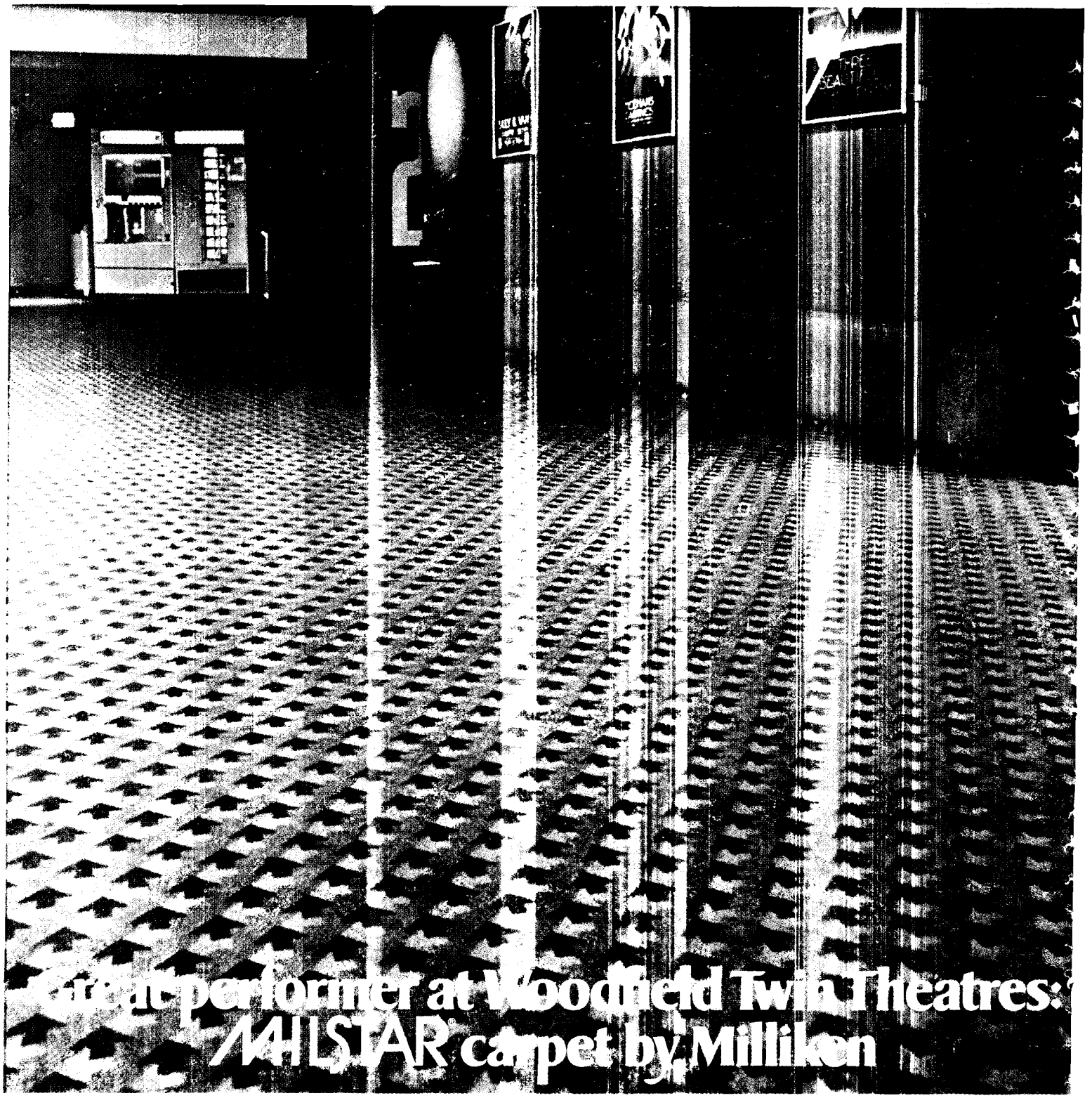

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